THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD

Naval Disorders

WITH a few notable exceptions, the British press was pretty much of one mind in backing England's naval demands at Geneva. Even the pro-American *Spectator* said: 'Evidently the motto in America is equality, equality, and again equality.' It objected to raising this question on the ground that our Government would be free to build as many ships as Great Britain under any circumstances, but would hardly exercise that privilege. 'The American people would soon want to know why money was being madly spent in honor of a mere phrase, "equality."' Nevertheless even theoretical equality is obviously unpalatable to many English editors. The *Saturday Review* said: 'Because the five-five-three ratio was agreed upon as suitable for capital ships there is no earthly reason for maintaining that it should also be extended to smaller vessels used for entirely different purposes.' The *Morning Post* was even franker in declaring: 'It is obviously the intention of the American scheme to bring the United States Navy and the British Navy to an equality, while keeping the Japanese Navy inferior to either fleet. We are at a loss to imagine upon what grounds the United States bases so illogical a proposal. There can be no equality of force between two nations whose requirements are wholly different.' The *New Statesman* was quite willing to allow us equality 'provided the maxima agreed upon are based upon British and not upon American needs.' The *Nation and Athenæum*, which will hardly be suspected of chauvinism, frankly preferred 'the British contention that the strength of fleets should be fixed, not by the capacity of each country to build, but by a reasoned examination of its special needs.' This journal, true to its acrid detestation of America, had a hair-trigger retort for every objection America put forth to the British proposals. To the argument that British merchant ships could be converted into cruisers — as they were against Germany — it replied that 'such eggshells could never be a match for even the smallest and most insignificant vessels of war' and contended that the objections on this score which our press raised to the British programme were recited 'with

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so liturgical a uniformity that it is impossible not to deduce inspiration from Washington.'

Baldwin Victories and Defeats

When the Trade-Unions Bill was introduced British politicians of every creed expected the public to get tremendously excited over it. Millions of pamphlets upon it were prepared by all three Parties, and members of Parliament packed their grips and cleared their throats for whirlwind campaigns upon the agitation platforms. But the people refused to rise to the occasion. Many disapproved of the bill, others mildly approved it, but the vast majority declined to become deeply interested one way or the other. Perhaps it was because they saw that the proposed law really dealt only with exceptional situations the contingency of which was not imminent enough to give them concern. Consequently the bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons without provoking a ripple. A leader-writer extols it in the *Daily Telegraph* as follows: 'It does not take away in any respect the right of the workman to strike in order to maintain or improve his industrial position. It does not interfere with the trade-unions making a levy upon their members for political purposes if the members are willing to pay. It does not interfere with the exercise of peaceful persuasion, so long as the persuasion is peaceful and does not assume one of intimidation's many ugly shapes. But the bill is expressly designed to interfere with certain developments of trade-unionism against which the public conscience has revolted — as, for example, the steady growth of violence in connection with picketing; the claim that the civil servant can divide his loyalty between his union and the State and elect to give the greater share to his union; the contention which underlies the pressure put upon the independent trade-unionist that he is a "mean humbug" if he refuses to subscribe to the funds of the political party with which official trade-unionism has now associated its fortunes; and, above all, the claim that trade-unionism is entitled to employ the weapon of the general or the sympathetic strike in order to coerce the Government, regardless altogether of whatever inconvenience, loss, and hardship may be inflicted upon the community.'

The Government's plan for reforming the House of Lords miscarried, as we reported in our last issue, because Cabinet supporters in Parliament revolted against it. The Ministry was discomfited a second time within a week by another revolt, this time against Mr. Churchill's Finance Bill, which was received with indignant protest by the business world. In the first instance a motion to the effect that 'no amendment of the Constitution or powers of the House of Lords is practicable unless and until some form of general agreement is achieved' was tabled in the House with the signature of over seventy Unionist members; in the second, some fifty Tory M. P.'s announced their intention of casting their ballots against Mr. Churchill's measure unless satisfactory concessions were made. The proposed Lords Reform Bill threatened revolutionary consequences whereby, according to the *New Statesman*, 'the King's prerogative would be abolished and the popular vote rendered permanently nugatory. In short the Lords would be the rulers of England, whose powers in future could be modified only by steel or bullets.' Yet the withdrawal of the bill, which robs its specific provisions of further interest, does not mean that the question will be dropped. At present some seven

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hundred and twenty peers have the right to vote in the Upper House, which therefore has a technical membership exceeding by more than one hundred that of the House of Commons. So few of the members utilize their privilege, however, that only six times since the war have more than two hundred ballots been cast on any measure, and important bills are enacted with less than one hundred members present. The *Morning Post*, after comparing the British Constitution to a building which had been under repairs for more than fifteen years, under a temporary tarpaulin roof in the shape of a Parliament Act thrown over it by 'an experimental firm of jerry-builders,'—that is, Lloyd George and his colleagues,—argued that the Upper House should be granted more power and authority but that to make it elective would merely duplicate the House of Commons. The Liberal *Westminster Gazette* thought it wrong to conceive the second chamber as a check upon democracy. It should be simply an educating and steadying body 'with a knowledge that fighting politicians ignore or despise.' The Labor press interpreted the measure as a strong-arm effort to entrench reaction in power and to deprive Labor of present or future influence in the Government. Some of the noble lords encouraged this opinion by declaring plainly that their purpose was to forestall the evils of a future Labor Cabinet. Mr. Garvin attacked the act in remarkably fine form. He ascribed it to the 'spirit of inexplicable fatuity' that is 'apt to descend upon governments in their third session. . . . Most revolutions have been caused by the blind obstinacy of Conservatism clinging to privilege. It was so in France before 1789. It was so in Russia before 1916. Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues are embarking on a course which may easily create among us a temper and a peril avoided until now. If they insist that their scheme to bias the Constitution forever in the interests of one Party out of the three shall be carried into law without consulting the mass of the people, we shall tell them what will happen afterward. There will be a General Election like that of 1910. The whole land question, with all its bearings on towns and transport, will be combined with the question of the House of Lords. The constituencies will be flooded with caricatures and doggerel about peers and coronets and "Tory conspiracy" in the interests of class and profiteering and privilege. If the electoral figures are worse and worse already, what will they be then?'

The country's disappointment with the Financial Bill was the greater because Mr. Churchill had promised in his budget speech to simplify the income tax and merge it and the surtax into a single graduated impost. Instead the new scheme, which the *Times* characterized as more revolutionary and provoking more widespread opposition and distrust than any other similar measure introduced in recent years, complicates the taxpayer's job still further. Besides that, it largely displaces local assessors and concentrates their functions in the hands of a central executive department. To quote the *Times* again: 'The cardinal rule of British taxation for nearly a century has been that Parliament fixes the rate, while the amount of the tax to be paid by the citizen is assessed by persons representing the interests of the taxpayer. That is a principle which lies deeply embedded in our constitutional history, and any attempt to deprive the taxpayer of his proper safeguards is bound to be deeply resented, as it has always been in the past.' Since the last General Election, by-election pollings have

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given the Conservatives 306,843 votes, the Laborists 298,128 votes, and the Liberals 221,367 votes. This shows an anti-Government majority of nearly two hundred and thirteen thousand, while Labor cast only eight thousand, seven hundred and fifteen votes less than the Government's supporters. Nevertheless the Conservatives have been heartened by winning a second by-election at Brixton, where they topped the polls by a majority of forty-three hundred as compared with a majority of eighty-five hundred at the last General Election. Since the total poll was six thousand less than on the previous occasion, however, their relative Party loss was not materially greater than that of their Liberal and Labor opponents. The pro-Government *Saturday Review* is encouraged by this to declare: 'There is no evidence that the Government are unpopular in the country. In the thirty-two by-elections that have taken place since they came into power, they have lost six seats and gained one. Very few governments in their third year could show so good a record.'

Overseas comment upon Mr. O'Higgins's assassination has not reached us at present writing. The murder occurred just after a new Ministry headed by Mr. Cosgrave, with Mr. O'Higgins holding the portfolios of Justice and External Affairs, had taken office with the provisional support of the Farmers' and the Nationalist Parties. If we may trust the *Irish Statesman*, Mr. de Valera's demonstration at the opening of the Dail was something of a fizzle. 'The muster of the faithful was certainly not awe-inspiring.' Nor did they give the impression of 'outraged citizens fiercely demanding the restoration of their rights.'

Paris newspapers and politicians, in attacking their Communists at home, pay little attention to Moscow. To them Communism is a French phenomenon, dating from the Paris Commune. The present bitterness against that Party is due primarily to its 'antipatriotic' agitation in the colonies. Jacques Doriot, a member of that delegation and 'a rather magnetic agitator' has been in China and Indo-China sowing seeds of rebellion against the imperialist Powers in general, including France. Had he been a Britisher he would have been promptly muzzled, but political considerations do not permit this in Paris. Both he and Marcel Cachin, the two most prominent leaders of the Party, have been deprived of parliamentary immunity, however, and will serve short jail terms. Only a minority of the Chamber endorsed this action, for, although the Government polled two hundred and forty votes against two hundred and thirty-nine on the motion, the Communist delegation abstained, being unwilling to favor its parliamentary heads over ordinary Communist workingmen already confined for political offenses. The charge against Cachin was that he incited the people and the troops against the war in Morocco. Electoral reform continues to divide the Chamber into perilously equal groups. At the moment its fate causes less concern than the possibility that the coalition may split up upon the issue and thus delay action upon the budget, which might start a new cycle of financial troubles. Only mild interest is excited by the suggestion that France and the United States conclude a 'no war' pact. Under the Arbitration Convention of 1908 and the Bryan treaty of 1914 it is extremely unlikely that any dispute between the two countries would result in war. Consequently the proposed pact of friendship would be but a gesture. Such gestures contribute, none the less, to international serenity.

Parisian Politics

Poincaré's Lunéville speech, Herr

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Stresemann's reply in the Reichstag, and the latter gentleman's Nobel Prize speech at Oslo, Norway, were front-page items on the Continent. Robert Dell, who is a pronounced pessimist in Franco-German relations, contended in the *Nation and Athenæum* that Poincaré had buried Locarno once for all, and characterized his speech as the climax of a nine months' struggle with M. Briand, who was defeated because he is the weaker character of the two. 'The Locarno-Thoiry policy is dead as long as M. Poincaré remains in power. The League of Nations is reduced to impotence, and a few more fiascos like that at Geneva last week will endanger its very existence. Geneva has become the headquarters of secret diplomacy and it seems to be the accepted doctrine that the League is a dangerous institution which at all costs must be prevented from interfering in international disputes.' On the other hand Sisley Huddleston voiced in the *New Statesman* a diametrically opposite opinion. 'How, indeed, can Locarno be dead? What is Locarno? It is a series of signed documents. The main document is one by which Germany accepts her frontiers with France and Belgium as permanently settled by the Treaty of Versailles, and by which she agrees to the permanent demilitarization of the Rhineland. England pledges herself to assist in the maintenance of the status quo in the West. Other possible quarrels will, if they arise, be referred to arbitration, and Germany, in pursuance of this end, has been given a place in the League of Nations. There are other provisions in the Locarno Pact, — or rather Pacts, — but these are the essential. Has anybody suggested, has anybody dreamed, of tearing up the Locarno documents? I confess I am unable to understand the readiness of commentators to inter Locarno on the slightest pretext.' The French press naturally tried to pick holes in Mr. Stresemann's Reichstag reply to Poincaré, but the tone of its comment was for the most part restrained and dispassionate. In fact, the temper of the debate on both sides of the Rhine shows striking progress toward cool-headedness in dealing with trying international readjustments.

Franco-German Relations

It accords with this that the present stability of the Berlin Cabinet is more seriously threatened by domestic than by foreign questions. The Ministry has tried to put through a new tariff law to replace one which expired by limitation at the end of July. An agreement had been reached to lower all import duties, if other countries would reciprocate, except those upon hog products, potatoes, and sugar, which it was proposed to retain — or increase — in order to restrict food imports with a view to helping the country carry the Dawes payments. The Reichsrat, led by the Left parties, which represent largely working-class and city people opposed to measures likely to boost the cost of living, rejected these proposals. They would not have been politically possible in the first place if a trade had not been struck between the German Nationalists, who stand for the interests of the Junker squirarchy, and the Clerical Centrists, by which the latter were to be given a new school law agreeable to the Catholic Church in return for their support of higher food duties.

Berlin's Perplexities

The Scandinavian and Baltic countries form a world apart, busy with the arts of peace and making little history for modern pressmen, who cater to sensation-jaded appetites that call constantly for new alarums. Russia seems to have withdrawn more into

Beyond Berlin

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herself since her recent diplomatic mischances. Moscow's war talk should be interpreted as primarily for home consumption. The Soviet Government's real perils are domestic and economic, and the true test of Stalin's strength, which has enabled him to survive the storm attending the break with Britain and to expel Trotskii and Zinoviev from the Central Committee of the Communist Party, will come when foreign credits dry up, as they probably will this summer, and additional taxes must be levied upon the already rebellious peasants.

Front-Page Danube Capitals

Vienna's semi-Communist riot is not likely to be traceable to an international conspiracy. It was probably the climax of a political 'jurisdictional fight' between the Radical-Socialist and the Clerical trade-unions, in which the latter were backed by the Catholic peasantry of the country. Provisionally, at least, it has the aspect of a strictly local eruption. Lord Rothermere is described as the most popular Jew in anti-Semite Horthyland since he denounced from Budapest the hardships imposed on Hungary by the Treaty of Trianon. The argument of Lord Northcliffe's brother and successor is based, according to the *New Statesman*, which dislikes the noble lord more than it loves Hungary, on 'confused thinking and historical inaccuracy.' Yugoslavia's situation he described as 'more critical than that of any European nation except Russia,' and, forgetting the injustices of the Hungarians toward their Slavic subjects in pre-war days, he emphasized the hardships of the Hungarians now living under Slavic rule. While Polish excitement over the Voikov murder is dying down and relations with Russia seem to be mending after the recent critical relapse, internal affairs in Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia occupy the centre of the stage. The Chamber of Deputies at Prague witnessed a mad scene when the Communists, backed by the German Opposition parties, held an hour-and-a-half riot, culminating in an act of pure burlesque in which a huge Communist followed by a diminutive colleague carried a policeman's billy around the hall together with a sign reading 'Long live the truncheon!' The reference was to restrictive measures in the administrative reform bill then under discussion. Cabinet changes have occurred in Yugoslavia and Rumania, the most important being the appointment of Nicolas Titulesco as Minister of Foreign Affairs in the latter country. Pertinax, writing in *L'Écho de Paris*, describes this man as the smartest of all Rumanian diplomats, which is high praise indeed. He has represented his country in London; he has tripped up Sir Austen Chamberlain at Geneva; and he is a firm friend of the Little Entente — a fact that appeals more strongly to the French than to the Italians. His appointment will not be relished in Rome.

Dear Brothers in Islam

Rome has been looking pleasant for the benefit of a delegation from the Yemen, the Arabia Felix of the ancients and whilom realm of the Queen of Sheba, who are paying Italy a visit to honor Mussolini, to win Latin support against British encroachments, and — at least so hopes the Fascist press — to give orders for machinery and machine guns to Italy's half-idle workshops. The mission, which was headed by Seyyid Mohamed Ibn Yahya, the second son of Yahya the Imam, was given an enthusiastic welcome, which it repaid with florid eulogies of the Duce. 'In all parts of the world,' it confidently asserted, 'canticles joyful and sublime are chanted to Your Excellency's wisdom and vision, to your great and glorious works, to your

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masterful and enlightened influence. Your exalted person has been the inspirer and the support of the peace and tranquillity which reign over and pervade the entire universe.' It may be a mere coincidence, but almost simultaneously with this visit Great Britain signed a treaty with Ibn Saud, the new master of Mecca, formally recognizing the Wahabi monarch as the 'King of the Hejaz and Nejd and its dependencies.' Significantly the preliminary announcement of this treaty, the full terms of which are still secret, contains the statement: 'It is exceedingly unlikely that there will be any reference to the Yemen or its affairs in the text.' The triangle of coincidences is completed by the London visit of King Fuad and his Prime Minister, Sarwat Pasha. Naturally this cousinly call could not have occurred until the dispute between the British Control and the native Parliament as to which was to run the Egyptian Army was settled. Gossip has it that relations between the two countries are entering a new stage. England's qualified recognition of Egypt's independence in 1922 was subject to reservations which are not incorporated in a formal pact. It is now suggested by the Diplomatic Correspondent of the *Morning Post* that a treaty of alliance between the two countries will be negotiated, in which the Egyptian Government will guarantee Great Britain perpetual supervision — in diplomatic language 'perpetual freedom' — of the Suez Canal and the security of foreign life and property in its dominions. In return 'the British Government will concede the full competence of Cairo in all Egyptian affairs and will guarantee Egypt's share of the Nile water and the satisfaction of her financial claims on the Sudan. Finally there will be a sort of joint Monroe Doctrine whereby no third party shall ever be allowed to interfere in Egypt.'

China

Except for the reported manifesto issued by the Sacred College of the Third International denouncing its missionaries on the Yangtze, including Borodin, their chief apostle, as backsliders and heretics, nothing of outstanding interest has happened in South and Central China during the past half-month. So true is this that questions of secondary and local importance are pressing to the front. For instance, the British owned and edited *Japan Chronicle* finds time to sharpen its pen against Shanghai's municipal Government, whose chairman at the moment chances to be a Yankee. 'The oligarchy which rules Shanghai, nine men in control of a population of something like eight hundred thousand people, of whom ninety-six per cent are Chinese . . . does not represent the Chinese at all; it has two Japanese to represent the largest body of foreigners in Shanghai, and it has five British representatives and two American. The British can thus always outvote the other nationals, which seems to cast a somewhat sarcastic aspect on the term "International Settlement." The Council is a close oligarchy much like a club.' China's new focus of interest is Shantung, the most densely populated, the wealthiest, and, tradition has it, the oldest province of the ancient Kingdom. According to probably tendential reports, no other part of the country has suffered more tragically from the troubles of the last ten years. We say 'tendential,' for Japan is pouring troops into Tsingtao, where they have landed and established themselves against the protests of the native authorities, though apparently with the approval of Chiang Kai-shek. To be sure, their expedition is by no means as large and imposing as the one which Great Britain sent to Shanghai,

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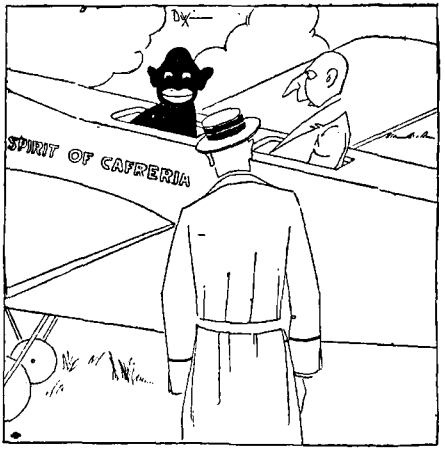
but Shantung is strategically placed with regard to Japan and Korea — as a glance at the map will show. A permanent military establishment there would give Tokyo control of the sea approaches to all North China, including Tientsin and Peking.

Latin America

Apparently the anti-Uncle-Sam agitation which is now endemic in Latin America has passed the crescendo that accompanied our intervention in Nicaragua. Some important countries, notably Mexico and Argentina, are preoccupied with lively presidential campaigns, the principal issues in which we have previously outlined. Chile is trying to digest her dictatorship. All the west-coast countries are harassed by economic difficulties. Tacna-Arica has lost none of its ominous influence as a source of Latin American estrangement since we relinquished our pacifying efforts there. Bolivia and Paraguay are wrangling over disputed boundary territories. Although active revolutionary disturbances have subsided in Brazil, she still has a goodly store of political explosives under the table. When ex-President Arthur Bernardes, who has been in semiretirement in his native state since he relinquished office, returned to Rio to take his oath as senator, he was received by the populace with tumultuous demonstrations of dislike and derision, and owed his personal safety to the extraordinary military precautions taken for his protection. On the other hand, when Assis Brazil, the pardoned revolutionary leader, returned from abroad, he was welcomed by a cheering mob, eager to show its condemnation of martial law, press censorship, and the other repressive measures of the preceding administration.

AIRY HUMOR



STRAW HAT: 'Crossing the Atlantic?'
KAFFIR: 'Yes, sah.'
STRAW HAT: 'Taking that passenger?'
KAFFIR: 'No, sah. That 's my sandwich.'
— *El Universal*, Mexico

'LATIN SISTER' AMENITIES

'But I 've done nothing.'
'You shouted "Long live Italy!" when the Duce was passing.'
— *L'Œuvre*, Paris

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SHORT ARTICLES ON TIMELY TOPICS

COMMENT AND CRITICISM

WASHINGTON TO GENEVA[1]

FOR a full understanding of the principal questions that will be before the Conference on Naval Armaments between Great Britain, the United States, and Japan at Geneva we must go back to the Washington Conference and endeavor to realize the American view of what happened then. The American naval authorities were of opinion at the time, and have remained so to this day, that their Government was outmanœuvred at this Conference. Their original idea was that the 5-5-3 ratio, which was applied to battleships, should be extended to cruisers, auxiliary vessels, and submarines, and Great Britain and America brought level in all categories. But, having started by giving away the battleship reduction, which in the American view was uniquely favorable to Great Britain, Mr. Secretary Hughes found himself blocked when he came to the reduction of the other categories. For the French stoutly refused any reduction in submarines, which they declared to be the natural weapon of 'the weak against the strong, the poor against the rich,' and the British thereupon declared themselves unable to reduce cruisers and auxiliary craft. Great Britain, therefore, came out of it, in American eyes, with all the advantages. She had got equality in battleships and at the same time retained her great advantage in all other craft.

[1] By J. A. Spender in *Westminster Gazette* (Independent Liberal daily), *June* 21

Mr. Frank Simonds, the well-known American writer, tells us in his recently published book, *How Europe Made Peace without America*, that President Coolidge is 'seeking a new Conference to repair the consequences of this failure.' He even goes to the length of saying that 'for the moment all was lost at Washington.' The facts, it seems to me, admit of being stated in a manner which will make a rather more favorable impression in Europe. It cannot be said that the United States was left with any formal grievance at Washington. She had helped the world to take one big forward step in the reduction of battleships, and it was open to her, if she considered it necessary, to bring her cruisers and auxiliary craft up to the British level. She has not done so as yet, but she has watched with uneasiness the continued development of our cruiser programme with the money released from battleships; and the construction of the Singapore Base has certainly not reassured her. What is actually happening now is that the American Navy Department is pressing for a new and expensive programme of naval construction to bring the United States level with Great Britain, and that, before consenting to this, President Coolidge has invited the other Powers to a Conference to see if they cannot adjust their views to the American view.

Considering the situation which was left at Washington, we had far better have moderated our appetite for cruisers during the subsequent years and

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refrained from any step, such as the starting of the Singapore Base, which suggested that we were making a new bid for power in the Pacific. But to consider the effect produced on other countries is apparently beyond the capacity of admiralties or governments in any country, and, these things having been done, we have to face the consequences. The likeliest immediate consequence is that we shall be confronted at Geneva with a polite intimation from America that either we must come down to her level of cruisers or she will build up to ours. This puts us in a considerable difficulty. Our cruiser ratio is governed not by fear of American competition but by dangers which we see, or think we see, from our European competitors, and especially their submarines; and they, imagining themselves to have burned their fingers at Washington, have refused to take part in the Geneva Conference and are present there only as 'observers.' But, as 'observers,' they will still play a very important part, and whether we can evade or soften the American dilemma must depend in large measure upon whether they — which means their governments — will play a friendly part.

I will not attempt to anticipate the highly expert controversy which will probably go on for many weeks, but certain general observations may be made at this stage. Englishmen in general have no anxieties about the American navy. They have written off the idea of war with the United States, and none of them will sleep less comfortably in his bed if that country thinks it necessary to build cruisers on the British scale. But it would be a lamentable paradox if a conference for the limitation of armaments ended in a largely increased naval construction by one Power, and anything that we can do to avoid that conclusion should be done, and done ungrudgingly. America may learn in time that the measurement of her naval necessities by our European and Imperial needs is an unreal survival from the pre-war European competition; but we cannot teach her that lesson: we can only refrain from making it difficult for her to learn it. If we are thinking of submarines, the lesson which the last war taught us was that they are vanquished in the last resort by seamanship, in which, thanks to our incomparable mercantile marine, we are not in the least danger of being worsted by any other Power.

IRELAND AFTER THE POLL[2]

MR. COSGRAVE and his colleagues are at this moment sick, sore, and sorry — men physically worn out and in the kind of temporary collapse which comes when a fierce struggle has ended ambiguously. They asked the country for a vote of confidence to continue their work, and they did not get it. The country made plain beyond yea or nay its desire to be done with bombs and revolvers and arson and to have a quiet life; it left opponents of the Treaty where they were, in a minority of about one in three; but it secured the two-to-one majority by giving extra votes to Labor, to the National Party, and to Independents; and it gratified its sentiment by encouraging Mr. de Valera. The result is that the Government lost its temper, and threatened to wash its hands of the job: let who will govern Ireland.

I did not believe — and I notice that Æ in the *Irish Statesman* did not believe — that this mood would last. He believed, and so did I, that Mr. Cosgrave and Mr. O'Higgins would be willing to do as much for Ireland as the

[2] By Stephen Gwynn in the *Observer* (London Independent Sunday paper), *June* 19

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Duke of Wellington was willing to do for King William IV. And happily they have decided that the government of Ireland must be carried on, at whatever sacrifice of personal inclination.

I write with some vehemence of feeling about this band of men who are not my personal friends, with whom I have had no association, and who in the past were the unscrupulous opponents of my leader and my friends, but who have done immense service to Ireland. Their work is solid. No doubt at present London is full of persons rubbing their hands gently and saying, 'We always told you so; Ireland will never settle down to peace and common sense.' This much is quite true. The members of the Government have not been able to evolve a country with complete political education out of the chaos which England no less than Ireland has produced.

They have not. They have not even — in five years — transformed themselves from a band of inexperienced young men, whose only training for office was three or four years of conspiracy, into statesmen fully matured and disciplined. They still cry out when they are hurt. But if ever men had good right to feel hurt, they have. The elections themselves should have been their best credential, for no armed guard was needed to protect polling booths or ballot boxes, and the country had the fair chance to rid itself of its bravoes — and took it. The redoubtable Mr. Dan Breen, hero of so many ambushes, is no longer a legislator; Miss Mary McSwiney, the apostle of no compromise, has lost her seat, and complains of that 'act of national apostasy.' Sinn Fein, the Republican section, which avowedly contemplates recourse to arms, has lost in all nineteen seats, and its representatives are reduced from twenty-four to five. But the votes taken from the bravoes have been transferred to Mr. de Valera; and the voters have provided the Government with a wholly new problem.

Disorder, open physical disorder, was crushed out with a hard hand. It now assumes a more elusive shape. Mr. de Valera comes forward with a new plan of campaign. 'The electors,' he says in effect, 'have authorized me to demand admission for myself and fifty others to the Parliament of Ireland, on terms which our conscience can accept.' That is a sentimentally tempting proposition. It leaves out of sight, however, the fact that Mr. de Valera cannot get this indulgence for his conscience without sacrificing other people's. To abrogate the oath would involve a breach of national faith which might have very grave consequences and at the least would mean moral bankruptcy.

But it was good enough for the electors to say: 'England never kept faith with us. Why should we keep faith with England?' The argument had a further extension. Mr. de Valera put it to the electors that the Government which collected the annuities for land purchase is passing them on to the British Treasury and so exacting a tribute from Irish farmers. Why pay debts to England? His proposal would by inference liberate all farmers who bought land on the hire-purchase system from the remainder of their payments. In my opinion, that argument was worth a great many thousand votes to Mr. de Valera.

Labor is the second party of those that will be represented, numbering twenty-two; and the Labor leader, Mr. Johnston, is of a class to strengthen any administration. But Labor could not unite with the present Government Party without making terms of far-reaching consequence: for instance, in respect to the wages paid on schemes with which the Government is con-

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cerned — the Shannon project being chief of these.

The Dail will contain many new men. Thirty-seven members lost their seats. Of those candidates who previously sat at Westminster, but not in the Dail, only two have succeeded: Mr. Hugh Law comes in as a supporter of the Government, bringing much parliamentary experience and the prestige of a highly cultivated man, able to write as well as speak; Mr. W. J. Duffy, from Galway, joins Captain Redmond.

One party, that of Professor Magennis, has been completely wiped out. One notable personality has suffered defeat — Professor MacNeill, in the National University. He and Douglas Hyde were the essential founders of the Gaelic League, with all its consequences. Both have now been dismissed by the electorate. Public life is by so much the less distinguished.

THE WARSAW TRIAL[3]

Boris Koverda, the nineteen-year-old Russian student who assassinated Peter Voikov, the Russian envoy to Poland, has been tried by a court-martial, under the Emergency Law of 1919. Preparations for the trial were pushed forward with the utmost speed, so that the accused faced his judges only eight days after the murder. Such an immense concourse of curious spectators had gathered in front of the Court House long before the opening hour that people were in real danger of being trampled and crushed. Many Russian *émigrés*, who naturally regard Koverda as a martyr, were in the throng.

The parents and sister of the prisoner occupied front seats in the courtroom. A delay of an hour and a half occurred in opening the proceedings. Everyone waited with intense expectancy for the appearance of the accused. When he finally entered, surrounded by an unusually strong police escort, his boyish appearance and marked Russian features at once struck the spectator. He was astonishingly self-possessed. His eyes swept over the crowded courtroom with a look of childish surprise as he answered distinctly and readily in Polish, but with a decided Russian accent, the questions addressed to him.

At the first interrogation the paradoxical situation created by the Russian Revolution appeared; for when the accused was asked his nationality he replied, 'I don't know.' Thousands of his fellow countrymen scattered all over the face of the globe would be equally at a loss to answer that question. Koverda readily admitted his deed, but not his guilt. 'Why did you murder Envoy Voikov?' asked the Chairman. 'For all the things the Bolsheviki have done in Russia,' replied the boy.

Four attorneys, including the three most distinguished criminal lawyers of the Polish bar, assisted in the defense. Koverda sat quietly in the prisoner's box, with the expression of a schoolboy taking his examination. Now and then he turned toward his lawyers, but nothing in his manner betrayed his emotions. I asked myself whether this was merely an exhibition of normal Russian fatalism, or the result of his own conviction that he had committed an heroic act. Did he realize that what he had done had caused the death at Moscow of a full score of his fellow Russians, of the same opinions as himself? The immature boyish face revealed nothing.

When the Chairman gave the accused an opportunity to speak in his own defense it was increasingly, pathetically evident that a mere child had been brought to trial. The immature,

[3] By Bernard Szarlitt in *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *June* 18

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schoolboyish naïveté with which the lad described his past life and his tragic early impressions in Bolshevist Russia was disarming. At an age when more fortunate children get a romantic thrill from the Leatherstocking Tales, this Russian boy was seeing and experiencing cruelties that poisoned his very soul. Nevertheless, as his Vilno teacher and his clergyman testified, he had remained a good boy. He was religious, moral, industrious. He had done what he could to help support his parents in exile by working nights as a paper carrier for a Russian-language daily. But in the bottom of his heart he constantly brooded over the fate of his fatherland, and he spent all his leisure moments devouring whatever was written on that subject.

This reading was what finally impelled him to commit his fatal deed. The decisive book was a volume on Bolshevism by Artsibashev, who recently died an exile in Poland. It was with a copy of this book in his satchel that Koverda came to Warsaw. It was seized at the time of his arrest, and lay on the table of exhibits in the courtroom, an odd *corpus delicti*. For it was covered with marginal notes in Koverda's own hand, which gave a glimpse into his mental life. These removed all doubt that he had planned his act alone, and not as the tool of other conspirators. For that matter, this was abundantly proved by other evidence.

Before one realized it, the accused had turned accuser. 'I did not murder Envoy Voikov,' he declared in his boyish voice, 'but a member of the Third International that had destroyed my country.' And then he added, with a touching gesture: 'I beg pardon of Poland, my second native land, for the trouble I have made her by my action.'

The attorneys for the defense could add little to what the accused had already stated in his touching, simple way. Eloquent as were their pleas, they could only repeat in more learned and polished words what the lad had already said. Attorney Niedzielski, a man of eminent oratorical talent, made the deepest impression. Taking as his text the divine command, 'Thou shalt not kill,' he pointed out how the direct opposite of this had been made a rule of conduct by the Bolsheviki — how, instead of following the injunction to love one's neighbor, that great civilizing principle which made human society possible, they deliberately taught men to hate their neighbors. Therefore, if Koverda had killed, he had not done so out of hatred, but to defend this very principle of neighborly love which the Bolsheviki reviled. Another attorney for the defense, the Russian Andreiev, who is now a Polish citizen, also made a deep appeal to his auditors. He described the long martyrdom of Poland, whose people were thereby better fitted than any other nation to comprehend the tragedy of the Russian *émigrés*, the poignant grief of men who have been robbed of their fatherland. Then he compared the two and one-half million men and women whom, he claimed, the Bolsheviki had murdered with the two assassinations of Bolshevist representatives abroad — the murder of their envoy in Switzerland four years ago, and that of Voikov in Poland the other day.

A representative of the Bolshevist Government, Mr. Rosengolz, until recently Moscow's delegate in London, was present. He came expressly from Moscow to testify how, chancing to be in Warsaw on his way home from England, he was present at the Central Railway Station when his colleague Voikov was assassinated. By this time he will have reported to his masters in Moscow that their demand

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on Poland that Koverda's punishment be adequate has been satisfied — if not in precisely the manner they desired. The poor boy has been sentenced to life imprisonment.

DOLLAR DIPLOMACY IN LATIN AMERICA[4]

AMERICA'S action in Nicaragua, the part her capitalists have played in the political disorders of Colombia and Mexico, and the present manœuvring in Bolivia, are all parts of the same story. First comes financial penetration, then diplomatic intervention, then political domination. The Yankees may fairly claim in defense of their conduct that no one compels the Latin American states to take their money, that the governments of those states — especially in the tropics — are unstable, and that certain guaranties are naturally necessary in view of this. But political instability is itself a consequence of economic backwardness. The countries in question lack capital to develop their natural resources. Business offers no tempting prizes to the best native intellect. Young men consequently turn to politics, and the ignorance and poverty of the masses make it possible for the more enterprising among them to organize a little army and seize the capital and the government.

True patriots who bitterly deplore this situation exist in all these countries. They form a majority of the educated class. But they are helpless as long as no railways or important industries owned by the people of the country exist to give them a better outlet for their energies than the pursuit of political ambitions. Development demands money. The charge against American capital is that, instead of bringing peace and prosperity to these countries, it promotes disorder and fosters the very political evils and vices it ought to discourage.

Contrast this with the influence of English capital under like conditions. The British have about five billion dollars gold invested in South America alone. I have no statistics for Central America and Mexico, but know that the sum is very large there. Yet these vast interests have never tempted British capitalists to meddle in the domestic affairs of those countries. Except in 1902, when Britain sent warships to Venezuela, after its Government had inflicted definite outrages upon English and German subjects and refused to recognize its debts, she has never intervened politically in any of them.

To be sure, by far the larger part of the English money invested in Latin America has been placed in the four republics which are the stablest politically. But when these investments were first made, fifty and seventy-five years ago, those countries suffered from as serious domestic disorders as those in Mexico and Nicaragua to-day.

As a result of this abstinence from political intermeddling British investments have always been regarded among us in South America as propitious to social and political as well as economic progress. Englishmen enjoy the greatest respect and influence here, and no one begrudges them the millions of pounds they receive in revenues from their enterprises.

But the North Americans have chosen another course. Apparently incapable of farsighted policies, they have thought only of getting the biggest possible profit in the shortest possible time. The commercial advantages they won in Latin America during the war on account of the inability of Britain and Europe to supply goods to

[4] By C. O. Gitans, of Buenos Aires, in *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily), *May 9*

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their customers were often abused by charging extortionate prices. Although Latin America still imports heavily from the United States, she does not find a market there. During the last few years Argentina has shipped far more to England than she has imported from that country, but her shipments to North America are only about one half her purchases. Recently, moreover, the Washington Government has placed embargoes upon Argentine products which still further limit her markets. In case of some other South American countries this unfavorable balance of trade is still more marked. In several of them the North Americans have confined themselves almost entirely to developing mines and petroleum fields. Such enterprises return a minimum of profit to the country where they are conducted, for they are managed and directed entirely by foreigners. Their machinery and supplies come from abroad. Even part of the provisions their employees use is imported. This is equally true of the English, except that the latter are more apt to settle permanently in the country. Thus America's economic invasion, partly on account of the character of the people who are pushing it and partly because of inevitable conditions, has followed the line of the old exploiting colonial policies of earlier days.

Another point remains to be noted in this comparison. British capital has been invested slowly and cautiously. The first man to appear upon the ground is the trader, the importing and exporting merchant. He does the pioneer work. The promoter comes later. Not until both have established themselves in the country, and have paved the way for safe investments, have the English bankers come with financial aid. On the other hand, Americans have generally begun with the riskiest operation first — that is, with lending money. They have made these loans without preparing the ground beforehand, without paving the way through the merchant and the promoter, without creating an atmosphere favorable for American capital. Consequently their business has been doubly risky. That has necessitated higher interest rates and additional guaranties, far beyond those asked by the more prudent British. These guaranties are naturally humiliating for the borrower, particularly when it comes to public loans, and therefore they create unfriendly feelings. Every opposition party promptly makes political capital out of a government's loans from Wall Street.

Another and all-important element in the situation is that American merchants do not as a rule enjoy the respect and confidence accorded to the British. They have the reputation of being sharp bargainers against whom one must stand constantly on his guard. This encourages sharp practice by the natives in turn, and aggravates mutual irritation.

Nevertheless, it is unfair to call the North Americans imperialists. A vast majority of the citizens of that country know little of what goes on beyond their boundaries. The trouble is caused by tactless, brusque business men who have been accustomed to promote their interests at home by political scheming and who are influential enough to get the support of their Government. The extent of the moral ruin their tactlessness has wrought may be measured by the fact that up to the end of the last century the United States was regarded throughout Latin America, with the exception of Mexico, which never forgave the loss of Texas, as an ideal nation with an ideal government — a model for the world to copy.

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ENGLAND'S ECONOMIC FUTURE

BY A 'ROUND TABLE' CONTRIBUTOR

IT is eight years since Peace with Germany was signed at Versailles. At no time in the course of that period has the economic position of this country been satisfactory. There has been improvement, but the improvement has been irregular and on the whole desperately slow. For a time people were content to attribute our economic disorders to 'the war.' The war seemed to offer an adequate explanation of all the great changes which distinguished post-war from pre-war conditions. It hardly even seemed necessary to ask exactly through what causal chain each such change was being brought about. But, however great the cataclysm, some sort of recovery must follow. To estimate the nature and extent of the recovery we must distinguish, among the causes of our present misfortunes, those which are permanent from those which are transitory. Only so can we form an idea of the economic future of the country, compare it with the past and calculate the loss and gain.

The war interrupted a period of economic progress. What were we then hoping for? The economic position of Great Britain was in several respects peculiar. It was peculiar in respect alike of production, of commerce, and of finance. The British manufacturing preëminence of the nineteenth century had already been successfully challenged. If our primacy could be said to have survived, it was at any rate no more than that of one who is *primus inter pares*. The British production of iron and steel had been far outstripped by that of Germany or the United States. There remained the special advantage in the *export* trade of the heavy industries — that the coal mines in Great Britain are very close to the sea. American exports of iron and steel and engineering products are hampered by the relatively heavy cost of transport by rail from the mining districts to the coast, which offsets the unique natural advantages of the American coal fields. The German heavy industries are tied to coal fields which do not offer better natural conditions of production than the British, and they are much farther from the sea, so that they are handicapped in oversea markets. But they have the advantage in overland trade with the Centre and East of Europe.

But, important as they are, the heavy industries never quite held the first place in the British productive system. The lead among manufactures, from the beginning of the industrial revolution, had belonged to textiles, and particularly to cotton. The supremacy of the British cotton industry was undisputed in 1914. Outside these two big categories there were multitudes of other manufacturing industries, mostly dependent in a greater or less degree on export markets. The peculiarity of British manufacturing activity does not lie in any preeminence of quantity or quality over the corresponding industries in other countries, but rather in the fact that

[1] From the *Round Table* (London Liberal-Imperial quarterly), *June*

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manufacturing forms a greater proportion of the total production than in any other country, with the possible exception of Belgium. The predominance of manufacturing has been assisted by historical and physical causes. The plentiful coal supply encouraged other industries besides iron, steel, and engineering. The climate of Lancashire favored cotton spinning. Immunity from invasion during the Napoleonic Wars gave the country a long start in the industrial revolution. Special British aptitudes for manufacturing in various directions have helped.

But it is a mistake to trace the predominance of manufactures mainly to these causes. The real foundation of our economic system is not industry, but *commerce*. Commerce depends on geography, and the same geographical circumstances that make a country a great commercial centre make it a great manufacturing centre. A commercial centre is essentially a place at which the merchant engaged in international trade may stop his goods and choose their further destination. Its selection for the purpose depends on its having good communication on the one hand with sources of supply, and on the other with a number of different markets. When materials stop there en route, the opportunity may be taken to apply a manufacturing process to them. Some manufactures need to be close to supplies of bulky materials, such as fuel, that are destroyed in the process of manufacture. Others are best carried on in close proximity to the ultimate consumer. But some are independent of any such considerations, and gain from being concentrated at a convenient centre of distribution.

The British Islands have long possessed great geographical advantages for these purposes. Their position in relation to the economic system of Europe might be equaled, but hardly surpassed, by some Continental centres. But in addition they had the advantages, military, political, and economic, of an island position. Partly from the needs and partly from the aptitudes of an island population sprang both a unique mercantile marine and supreme sea-power. Colonial expansion was the logical result. The sovereignty of colonies carries with it many economic advantages, among them that of regular communication with the oversea possessions. At a stage where economic needs by themselves would only lead to occasional communications, economic and political needs together might justify something more systematic. Lines of sea communication once established, economic development on dry land accommodates itself to them. Even if in origin they were as much political as economic, they became an economic necessity, and are as unalterable as if they were tied to a double line of steel rails passing along cuttings, embankments, and tunnels.

British manufacturing preëminence may have been transitory; British commercial preëminence, though not indestructible, is more solidly founded. Commercial preëminence carries with it various economic consequences.

In the first place, finance follows commerce. It is not for nothing that the historic firms of the City of London describe themselves as 'merchant bankers.' Commercial wealth is *mobile*. It is the natural foundation for a banking system. Banking assets secured on goods in course of passage through a great market are more realizable than any others.

Commercial wealth is also a source of *profit*. Profit is the income made by a trader — one, that is, who either produces or buys in order to sell. It is something *additional* to interest on capital and remuneration for risk. It may be regarded as the remuneration

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of the trader's personal activities, but it is proportional, not to his skill or his exertions, but to his *turnover*. It is the excess of one market price over another, or of a market price over costs which is determined by markets. The profit gained by producers arises in the places where they produce; it is spread out where there is room for the capital and labor used in production. The profit gained by retailers arises in the places where they find their customers. But the profit gained by the wholesale dealers or merchants can be *concentrated* at the places where they meet one another to carry on business.

Such a concentration of mercantile profit has especially contributed to make the wealth of Great Britain, and particularly of London. Profit is the most prolific source of investable savings. Profit-makers are rich men, and at the same time their incomes may be disproportionately large in comparison with their capital. The established rentier has no motive to save; he can spend all his income and still be sure of having just as much to spend in the future. The profit-maker's income is precarious. That is especially true of the merchant. He has every motive to save until he has himself become a rentier. But the merchants at a commercial centre who accumulate fortunes do not all retire on secure and highly capitalized incomes. It is open to them to expand into financiers. Financial markets require great concentration if they are to work freely. Individual transactions are very big, and the total daily transactions of the market must be big enough to absorb them. A financial centre can come into existence only at a commercial centre. Only there will be found the requisite volume of banking transactions, foreign exchange transactions, and insurance transactions. And only there will be found a stream of investable savings of such magnitude and constancy as to support an investment market.

All these things exist in London. They add a flow of financial profits to the flow of mercantile profits, from which the whole system originates.

From this great flow of mobile wealth two further consequences have followed. In the first place, the steady accumulation of savings has made Great Britain a creditor country on a vast scale, the holder of oversea investments from which is received a growing aggregate of interest, dividends, rents, and profits.

Secondly, this income from foreign investments, along with mercantile and financial profits and commissions, derived from oversea business, and with the earnings of shipping, makes a great mass of 'invisible exports.'

The true significance of invisible exports is very apt to be overlooked. If a man in London is entitled to receive an income of £10,000 a year from a business in Brazil, it is, of course, easy to see that the £10,000 must appear in the form of goods or securities. But the recipient spends his £10,000 as he pleases. He does not spend it all on importable commodities. A part of his needs must be met by services rendered to him on the spot, and he will pay whatever is necessary to induce people to do what he wants. Suppose that he spends £6000 on importable products and £4000 otherwise. Then somehow or other the balance of trade must provide for the other £4000. *Other people* must consume imports to that amount.

Applied to the country as a whole, this means that, in so far as the recipients of incomes from abroad do not spend their resources on imported goods, the level of incomes of the rest of the community must be so raised as to enable *them* to buy imports to make up the deficiency. The nucleus of rich

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men thus attracts to itself a local population of producers, to be paid in part with invisible exports. The numbers and standard of living of this local population are related. The more numerous they are, the lower is the level of incomes that will attract a given volume of imports.

If invisible exports raise the standard of living, it is equally true that invisible imports depress it. A country which has to make external payments must restrict its imports; the level of incomes must not be so high as to enable people to buy more imports than the country as a whole can pay for. At the same time low wages will stimulate the country's exporting power. But it does not follow that the creditor nation is prospering entirely *at the expense* of the debtor nations. For the investment of capital in a country tends itself to improve the standard of living there. Indeed, as between new countries and old, the abundance of natural resources in the former, as soon as it is combined with adequate capital, usually produces a higher standard of living than in the latter.

The creditor nation itself has its invisible imports. If the income derived from external investments is an invisible export, the capital sum represented by *new* external investments is an invisible import. The favorable effect of invisible exports may be partly offset, or even more than offset, by invisible imports. In the case of Great Britain the export of capital, even at its maximum, just before the war, was not much more than half the invisible exports.

The most direct consequence of the war itself was a diminution of material wealth. Instead of accumulating savings and investing them abroad, the country drew upon past savings. The extent to which this was done, however, was surprisingly small. The cost of the war was met to a very great extent by the exertions, savings, and abstinence of the people. Progress in the accumulation of wealth, and particularly of oversea investments, was suspended, but the actual reduction in preëxisting investments was only a modest fraction of the total. Some hundreds of millions of securities were sold. A little was destroyed by repudiation, bankruptcy, or monetary collapse. A heavy debt to the United States Government was incurred, but against it were claims against Dominions, allies, and enemies. If issues in the capital market were interrupted, still the accumulation of reserves by companies carrying on oversea enterprises went on. In reality the most serious loss to the British investor was probably the reduction in the purchasing power of those investments which were fixed in terms of gold or of sterling. There were arrears of capital expenditure at home — extensions, renewals, and even maintenance, to be made good, a shortage of materials, a tremendous destruction of shipping. But with the resumption of economic activity these were soon made good.

In what respects, then, have we failed to progress as we formerly did?

The outstanding disaster is the continuance of unemployment. For six years the number of unemployed has never fallen below a million. Comparable pre-war statistics do not exist, but it is certain that this has been far worse than any trade depression for a hundred years. Secondly, labor unrest, which was already being felt a few years before the outbreak of war, has been accentuated. Thirdly, the growth of wealth has apparently almost ceased. The standard of living does not noticeably improve. The volume of savings is much less than before the war, if account be taken of the reduced purchasing power of money.

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For some time after the collapse of 1920 people were content to attribute our distresses to the economic prostration of Europe. Our customers, it was said, were too impoverished to buy. But this was never an adequate explanation. The prostration affected our competitors more than our customers. And in 1923, when the economic disorders in Europe came to a head with the occupation of the Ruhr, the result was an unlooked-for spell of comparative prosperity for the heavy industries in this country. Since 1924 the productivity of Europe has been approximately restored, and we have experienced no relief. The passing of the after-effects of the coal dispute leaves us still with a million unemployed.

To understand the position, it is above all necessary to *disentangle* the causes that are at work. In the first place we must separate those which arise at home from those which arise abroad. Among the former two particularly claim attention — credit policy and taxation. Credit policy includes currency policy; it is through credit policy that the value of the currency unit can be regulated. When the currency is depreciated, it is by a contraction of credit that its value can be raised, or, in other words, that the price level can be lowered. The process is a painful one. The fall of prices is forced on traders by a curtailment of the demand for goods. Under pre-war conditions it was well recognized that credit stringency would cause depression and unemployment. The cyclical trade depressions were invariably marked by a heavy fall of prices; *all* gold currencies were on those occasions being raised in value relatively to commodities.

Twice since the war this process has been applied to Great Britain. In 1920 a feverish inflation was interrupted both here and in America by a credit restriction. In less than two years the price level here had been reduced by half, and the number of unemployed had grown to two millions. Nevertheless, the pound had not caught up the dollar, because the fall of prices in America had been little less than in Great Britain. In 1925, preparatory to the restoration of the gold standard, the Bank rate was put up to five per cent. A fall of prices, which has amounted to about one sixth, was thereby initiated. This was moderate compared with the previous fall, but it started at a time when the revival from the effects of the collapse of 1921 was still incomplete. There were still a million unemployed. A five-per-cent Bank rate is not high for a period of trade activity; but for a time of depression it is very high indeed. Its prolonged application at a time of extensive unemployment is without precedent for a century. What calls for explanation is not the intensity but the mildness of the depression which has ensued.

Here we have a very potent cause of economic distress, and an essentially transitory one. Not only is it similar to the conditions which caused periodical unemployment before the war, but other countries in the same post-war world as ourselves have been repeatedly exposed to the same experience. They have found that unemployment accompanies a credit contraction and falling prices; and in several cases they have found that a credit expansion, with rising prices, provided a way of escape. Before 1925 our currency was independent of foreign currencies; there was no necessary relation between the fall of prices here and elsewhere. Since then the pound sterling has been linked with the majority of other currencies by the gold standard. When our prices fall, foreign prices must also fall. And in fact there has been a fairly general

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fall of prices wherever gold currencies are used.

Is not this an act of God, outside our control? That is not so, because in virtue of our special position as a financial centre our Bank rate affects credit all over the world. Before the war the leading part in the credit cycle was always played by London, and the position has not been fundamentally changed. New York has become relatively more important, the centres on the European Continent less so; London is where it was. Upon London rests the responsibility for the general fall of gold prices of the past two years.

The most conspicuous result of the fall of prices is the continuance of an appalling amount of unemployment. But there are other grave consequences. Every considerable change in the price level invalidates all wage settlements which do not allow for price variations. Even where there is a sliding scale or cost-of-living clause, the settlement may easily fail exactly to suit the circumstances. Disputes are as likely to occur when prices are rising as when they are falling; and the times at which they occur do not necessarily coincide with the periods of rising or falling prices in which they originate. But it is not a pure coincidence that each of the two great credit contractions which we have been through since the war has been marked by a calamitous coal-mining dispute. Experience before the war showed that the group of heavy industries, the iron, steel, engineering, and shipbuilding industries, were always especially susceptible to the trade cycle, and suffered greater fluctuations than other branches of manufacturing. The prosperity of coal-mining is closely bound up with that of the heavy industries, which consume so much of its product. The device of a sliding scale was resorted to to adapt wages to the wide variations in the disposable resources of the coal-mining industry. The pre-war sliding scale was not adapted to the exceptional conditions and the great price variations of the war and post-war period. Hence the breakdown, when depression produced its usual effects in the heavy industries.

Excessive taxation is an evil recognized on all hands. Nevertheless, there is much misapprehension as to the nature of the harm it does. The hampering effect of taxation on trade as recognized by economic theory is produced, not by the heavy direct taxes which are the main ground of complaint, but by ill-chosen taxes on commodities and on transactions, such as those which were so successfully attacked and reformed between 1820 and 1845. Our present fiscal system cannot be called perfect in this respect, but its shortcomings nowadays are of a minor order. The harm done by heavy *direct* taxes is not in the hampering of trade, but in the diversion of resources which would otherwise be available for investment. The big incomes out of which the bulk of investable savings is found are depleted by income tax and supertax. A great part of the money, it may be said, is paid away again in the form of interest on the debt to the same class of people from whom it has been taken. But there is a vital difference. The taxes fall on incomes of all classes, including those derived from profits, and the interest feeds one type of income only. There are, no doubt, improvident profit-makers, and there are rentiers who add to their capital. But it is nevertheless broadly true that by income tax and supertax money is taken from those who save more and distributed to those who save less. It remains true, even though the individuals in the two classes are in many instances identical. The saving that prudence would require of the recipient of a given income depends on the pro-

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portion of the income composed of secure elements, such as rent and interest, as compared with the proportion composed of precarious elements, such as profits or professional earnings.

During the war financial sleight of hand created a giant growth of gilt-edged incomes, far exceeding anything of the kind that normal savings could have produced in the same period out of stable money. The burden of providing the resources to pay these incomes falls through taxation on the economic system of the country, and incidentally upon the fund of profits out of which savings mostly come.

It is estimated that the annual amount of wealth saved in this country now is from £150,000,000 to £200,000,000 below the standard of 1913, after making proper allowance for the decreased purchasing power of money. It would be a mistake to attribute the whole of that shrinkage to heavy direct taxation. Trade depression has done its share. In the past the volume of savings has always been sensitive to the state of trade. Clear evidence of that is to be seen in the fluctuations of the balance of trade. A great part of our invisible exports, such as shipping freights and mercantile and financial profits, increased at a time of good trade; yet at such times our excess of imports did not increase, but almost always diminished. This was clear evidence that our exports of capital increased. Since our investment of capital at home certainly did not decrease, that meant that the total of savings increased. That in fact is the explanation of the sensitiveness of the heavy industries to the state of trade; for money invested is to a great extent spent on the products of those industries.

Evidence of the existing shortage of savings is supplied both by the growth of the excess of imports far beyond the growth of the invisible exports and by the acute depression of the heavy industries. A revival of trade will be a partial but not a complete remedy both for the depression of the heavy industries and for the decline in our exports of capital. A complete remedy would require a reduction of taxation. The prospect of a reduction of taxation is itself not independent of a trade revival. One of the incidents of the pre-war trade cycle was the visible response of the yield of taxation to the state of trade. This was partly due to prices being higher at a time of good trade, so that a given yield in terms of wealth meant a higher yield in terms of money. But in addition allowance must be made for increased production at a time of good trade, and for the increase of profits relative to the volume of production at a time of rising prices. In taking a long view, we cannot look forward to perpetually rising prices. But we can hope to escape from the paralyzing burden of falling prices, from which trade has suffered first in 1920–22 and then in 1925–27; and we can hope for tolerably steady employment and production. Those conditions would mean a greatly increased taxable capacity, and consequently a diminished tax burden.

On the other side must be set the possibility of a further fall of prices. Three years ago it was not unreasonable to hope for something like price stabilization. American credit policy clearly had an objective differing little from this. The Genoa Resolutions had pledged the Central Banks of Europe to the same aim. If these hopes have been defeated once, they may be defeated again. The fall of prices of the *last two years* has increased the real burden of the debt by more than £1,000,000,000; it has more than undone all our efforts at debt reduction since we first made ends meet after the

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war. It is earnestly to be hoped that this calamitous process will not continue. It should be noted that American credit policy has not participated in the movement. The Federal Reserve Banks have adhered to low rediscount rates, and have not employed any of the methods of indirectly restricting credits. The fall in world prices has been brought about by the preponderant international power of the London Bank rate.

Now that we have examined the consequences of post-war credit policy and taxation, we are confronted with the remarkable result that we seem to have accounted for *all* the economic distresses from which the country is suffering. Unemployment is serious, but does it not require explanation that after the credit contraction and fall of prices of the past two years the number of unemployed has not increased? We have had the coal-mining dispute, but how have we escaped an all-round cut in wages, when prices have fallen by one sixth? Our accumulation of wealth has been cut short, but is not a reduction of twenty-five or thirty per cent in savings very moderate considering the burden of taxation and the severity of the trade depression? Nevertheless, it would not be legitimate to jump to the conclusion that the whole extent of the adverse factors has been revealed. That may be so as regards the causes of unemployment. Unemployment is quite a special kind of economic disease. It usually arises from a dislocation of the machinery for marketing products. It may be severe in a community which is in underlying conditions thoroughly prosperous; or it may be entirely absent from one which is in the extremities of distress.

But as regards wealth and standards of living, we cannot easily measure either the extent of the deterioration or what proportion of it we have accounted for. We cannot simply take the conditions of 1913 as a standard, any more than in 1913 we could have taken the conditions of 1900. There ought to have been immense progress in the past thirteen years. In the United States there has been. If we have not progressed, it is, of course, partly due to the direct losses of the war. But other adverse causes are at work, and it is these that we have to estimate in looking forward to the future.

The first is foreign competition. Our coal export trade will suffer permanently from the increased use of oil fuel and of water power. That does not necessarily mean that our exports will never reach the pre-war level of sixty to seventy millions of tons; the rate of progress that had prevailed for fifty years before the war would have brought them far above that level by now. The shrinkage may turn out, when revival comes, to be only relative. Manufacturing activity has been stimulated in some countries formerly large importers of British products. That is particularly the case with cotton manufactures in the East. Protective tariffs tend to rise higher. Some, it is true, are lower than before the war, but that is chiefly in countries where tariff rates have been unsettled by currency depreciation, and it is not likely to last. But all these forms of competition put together are not very formidable. They are not more serious in the aggregate than what we had to face between 1871 and 1914.

Another form of competition, which for a time excited great complaint, was the so-called 'exchange dumping,' the sale of goods at very low prices by exporters from countries in which cost of production had been temporarily reduced by a collapse of the currency. The actual volume of such competition was never very great; it was vexatious rather than serious. And in any case

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the conditions which produced it have almost passed away.

What of our commercial position? England grew rich as the *entrepôt* of a rich and populous industrial Europe, and of new countries yielding an ever-growing supply of natural products in exchange for European manufactures. If Europe is less rich, this position will be so much less valuable. Europe is less rich, in that some of the great creditor nations have become debtor nations. But European *production* has not diminished. And the world outside Europe has grown richer. The tremendous export of capital from Europe in the pre-war period is bearing fruit in the increased productivity of the New World.

The English take substantially as great a part in the commercial affairs of the world as before, and perhaps in some respects even greater. Nevertheless, the greatest economic progress of all has been made by the United States, and here we have on the whole lost ground. The United States has become a commercially self-contained country, and English merchants have less concern in its external trade than formerly. That change is incidental to the gigantic growth of American wealth. The same growth has brought with it a great development of American finance. The Americans have become exporters of capital, the greatest exporters of capital in the world for the time being. Not only the English, but the European, supplies of capital have dried up. Heavy direct taxation has worked its way on the Continent as well as in Great Britain. Trade depression has diminished accumulation in some countries, and in others currency inflation has swept away working capital. On the other hand, if New York now rivals London as an international investing centre, London remains unchallenged as an international banking centre, and as the discount market, the foreign exchange market, and the insurance market of the world.

It may well be that, even when British external investment has fully revived, it will still be surpassed by that of the United States. But that is not itself a ground for pessimism. It is a strange freak of national sentiment that takes the form of what may be called statistical pride. People seize upon the numerical measure of one of their country's activities and compare it jealously with those of other countries. Those with the biggest numbers, or the biggest numbers per head, have won. 'Supremacy' in some economic field often means no more than this. American 'supremacy' in the world's investment markets is not a thing to be hated or feared. If Europe can supply the same capital resources for the development of the world as before the war, the resources received from the United States will hasten that development and raise the standard of living everywhere.

It would be a mistake indeed to deride statistical rivalry as entirely without substance. Wealth is power. When German steel production far outstripped British, people shook their heads, because that meant that German resources for war were increasing. When the war came, the value of economic resources, whether in steel production, in shipping, in external investments, or in many other forms, was amply illustrated. Fortunately, the Americans and the English have once and for all thrown aside this form of rivalry.

From this point we are led back to ask again: What do we hope for from our economic progress? Possible answers are innumerable, but through all of them will be found the rival claims of two ideals, power and welfare. If we seek power, no achievement will

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satisfy us so long as we are surpassed by another country. If we seek welfare, we are concerned to see, not that we do not fall short of a rival, but that we do not fall short of our opportunities. We may be quite content to see the United States, with two and one-half times the population and thirty times the territory of Great Britain, enjoying a higher standard of living, provided we are doing all we can with our own resources. But we should not think in terms only of area and material products. Tangible wealth is always limited. Economic opportunities based on mercantile and financial profits know no limits.

ALONG THE DANUBE[1]

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

WHEN, as occasionally happens, the Little Entente goes into secret conference, it is not easy to dissociate the actual issues at stake from other suggestive but irrelevant ideas. In the last meeting at Joachimsthal real political work did not begin until journalistic interest in the meeting itself had died down. First of all, the foreign diplomats sent lengthy dispatches to their native capitals saying that this was the most important conference the Little Entente had ever held. Beneš, Marinkovich, and Mitilineu, the Foreign Ministers of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, respectively, discussed all the important European questions of the hour and tried to arrange a satisfactory compromise of interests on the Danube, endeavoring to take into account the aims of Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia on the one hand as over against the aims of Italy and Russia, Hungary and Austria, Bulgaria and Germany, on the other. In view of the fact that the ministerial addresses lasted only eight hours, they must have been confined to a broad outline of the huge complex problem in the light of the immediate future, especially since the Eastern policy of Rome as reflected in the friendship treaties with Rumania and Hungary, the recognition of the Bessarabian protocol, the Tirana pact, and the conflict with Belgrade, would inevitably intensify old differences and reveal new ones among the members of the Little Entente itself. But the contacts between the three nations were made closer because so much tension and rivalry still exists among the twelve states in the corridor between Finland and Greece that universal uneasiness indisputably prevails. 'If the Little Entente were not already in existence, it would have to be invented.'

The attitude toward Russia has not changed. The Rumanian, Mitilineu, did indeed urge the two West-Slavic nations, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, who favored recognizing the Soviet Government, to adopt the British attitude. They finally compromised on the understanding that each nation should have a free hand toward Russia but that no important undertaking should be entered into with Moscow

[1] From the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily), *June* 7, 9

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without the consent of the other two parties. In this way Rumania's right to veto the recognition of Russia by either Prague or Belgrade was acknowledged. Actually this is nothing new. Czechoslovakia has often been on the point of resuming normal relations with Russia, for Beneš's Party sees no special objection to recognizing a state that has been constituted for ten years; and to-day even the National Democrats are only prevented by the personal feelings of Kramarsch from urging such a step. In Yugoslavia, however, the last elections turned against the friends of Russian recognition, and this served as a hint to Czechoslovakia that such action would not be a friendly act to the present Government at Belgrade. Prague has therefore laid Russian recognition on the shelf. British diplomacy hopes by means of the Joachimsthal Conference to work its way into the good graces of Prague and Belgrade via Bucharest. The diplomats of the Hradschin would not venture to recognize Russia at just the time when relations between that country and the Western Powers are strained, and when Paris and London would obviously resent such action.

Mitilineu stated, apropos of the negotiations then under way between Poland and Russia, which were later interrupted by the Voikov assassination: 'Whatever her pact with the Soviet may be, Poland can never do anything that will upset our alliance. Her contemplated guaranty treaty with the Soviets is an opportunist move of momentary significance only. Rumania herself is ready to sign a non-aggression pact with Russia once that country has surrendered her claim to Bessarabia. Rumania hopes for the final ratification of the Bessarabian protocol from Japan.'

Rumanian tactics have made the relations between the Little Entente and Hungary more acute, and the expected gesture of friendship from Joachimsthal toward Budapest never came off. What grounds had Rumania to bear this special grudge? Shortly after the ratification of the Bessarabian protocol Averescu's Cabinet arranged through Italian channels for the conclusion of a friendship treaty with Budapest, but Bethlen turned it down just before he left for Rome. Rumanian disgust with the Hungarian-Italian treaty thus coincided with the internal agreement between the Bratiano and Averescu forces. Mitilineu took a sharp tone toward Hungary in which his other neighbors refused to join. Threads are already being spun between Marinkovich and Bethlen, who declared at a recent press reception that there was no danger of a restoration of the Hungarian monarchy. These matters, however, will soon meet the test of reality, for Little Otto, who has been removed from a Benedictine monastery at Liqueitio to Luxemburg, will be entitled, by Hungarian law, to take the throne in November 1928, and Bethlen is meanwhile scheming for a regency.

When Count Banffy, the former Hungarian Foreign Minister, addressed a note to the Council of Ambassadors stating that the monarchy question was in every way a purely national affair, the Little Entente took the attitude that the question of succession affected them in no way — 'but never a Hapsburg!'

The Conference was opposed to withdrawing military control over Bulgaria, because Yugoslavia and Rumania both fear that Mussolini would at once become active out there, but it simultaneously expressed its friendly attitude toward Sofia. Finally the Conference took up the activities of the Interallied Commission controlling navigation on the Danube, for the Little Entente insists on having a hand in this work.

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Austria was discussed on account of the recent elections, which indicated a strengthening of the Greater Germany and big-business interests. Beneš leaves the League of Nations Council in the fall, and Rumania takes his place at the Council table for three years. In view of her geographical position, Czechoslovakia feels the necessity of preventing a union of Germany and Austria. She therefore took special pains to secure assurances that the Rumanian Foreign Minister would look after the rights of the Little Entente in this regard. It was suggested that the Conference draw up a pacifistic declaration favoring the status quo for Mitilineu to use as his guide during the next three years, and at the same time emphasize new Austria's ability to live and prosper within her present limits, but it was feared that this might provoke a change of cabinet at Vienna, and Seipel, the present Chancellor, has proved himself a moderate man. While the Little Entente opposes a political rapprochement between Germany and Austria, it has no desire to hinder economic coöperation between the two countries. When Seipel appealed to the League of Nations to save Austria's national finances, Prague and Rome both lent their aid. The economic programme devised by the two experts, von Layton and Rist, and adopted by the Ramek Cabinet two years ago, has proved unfortunate because it involved preferential tariffs unfavorable to the neighboring countries. So the whole scheme was wrecked, and Austria's pleas for further help at the last Economic Conference went unheeded. Now a plan for economic coöperation among the Danube countries has been turned down for the third time. Although France has openly supported these projects, another Great Power put difficulties in the way.

Italy is endeavoring, as everyone knows, to establish an hegemony over the Lower Danube and the Balkan States, so that her political prestige will make economic penetration easier. In point of fact Italy's geographic position in relation to the Balkans resembles that of England toward the Continent. Rome will be able to play the same part in a Danube agreement between the *Piccola Intesa* on the one hand and Hungary, Bulgaria, and Austria on the other that London has played toward France and Germany in the Locarno agreement. 'Without guaranties from Rome, there can be no Locarno of the Danube or of the Balkans.' In the nature of the case, matters are more complicated here than on the Rhine. The five moves that Mussolini executed to the eastward last summer are now arousing a more powerful reaction throughout the whole Slavic world than the Western nations appreciate. Defensive measures have followed. Mitilineu's contention that the Italian treaties with nations to the east of her are not alliances but merely expressions of friendship was accepted in principle at Joachimsthal, and a few days later at Budapest Bethlen endorsed the same formula. Should not the new slogan — *L'alliance et les amitiés* — come from Rome? A return of the House of Hapsburg is opposed by Italy, by the nations of the Little Entente, and by many people in Austria. This was to be the common point of agreement on which rival groups of to-day could come to an understanding and establish a Danube Locarno. Mussolini offered Zita refuge in Italy, but she refused it on the advice of the Legitimists, for then Little Otto would be a prisoner of Fascism, and the Hungarian kingmakers would find an Avignon on their hands.

Italy's diplomats have exhibited remarkable restraint on all Russian questions. They have carefully re-

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frained from criticizing Moscow. Thus the ratification of the Bessarabian protocol is not to be interpreted as an anti-Russian gesture, nor as a friendly act toward Rumania. It was part of the purchase price that Mussolini agreed to pay Austen Chamberlain when they met at Livorno in return for which Great Britain was to allow Italy a free hand on the Lower Danube. Things seemed to change a little after Doumergue politely asked Downing Street to take a friendly attitude toward France on all Balkan questions, but the Fascist Government at once protested eloquently.

The most interesting side light that the Joachimsthal Conference cast on East European politics was the altered attitude of the Palazzo Chigi toward an Austro-German union. Just as Bessarabia could be used with England, so this card could be played with Germany; for, in order to work out some common policy between Berlin and Rome, Mussolini was willing to make certain concessions. So the *Duce* suddenly declared of the Austro-German Union, 'For it in principle, against it officially.'

All this has cost the Serbs, Croats, and Czechs many illusions. Once they had high hopes of the Fascist régime. At that time they believed that the new ruler of Albania could not last long, since more than forty men had united in vowing bloody revenge on Ahmet Beg Zogu, and since, including all the latter's friends and relatives, only about two thousand Albanians stood in the way of an attempt on his life. And would not such a murder be bound to have political consequences? In case a serious conflict broke out between Italy and Yugoslavia as a result of his assassination, it was decided at Joachimsthal that Rumania would remain neutral, but would interfere if Bulgaria or Hungary tried to reap an advantage from the situation. But Yugoslavia was really relying on diplomatic methods. Marinkovich, her Minister of Foreign Affairs, contemplated a trip to Rome, where he hoped to settle all outstanding differences; for he wanted Italy's friendship on account of his country's internal dissensions.

The Italian newspapers encourage the impression that all Czechs, Slovaks, Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes endorse an Italo-German understanding. 'We have put our own relations with Germany to the test, and have found no serious divergences of view. In fact, our relations are improving all the time, and it is clear to us that, after certain pending questions have been settled, they may indeed become unusually cordial. This is a good thing all around.'

At Prague a Cabinet containing representatives of all Nationalists has thwarted the anti-German aims of the Czech chauvinists. At Belgrade the German envoy, Dr. Olshausen, is working along similar lines; and Bucharest is again treading the path she followed before the war. A few days after the Little Entente Conference, Secretary von Schubert of the German Foreign Office appeared in Prague, where Beneš informed him of what had been done. Mitilineu went to Paris, since the negotiations for a commercial treaty between Italy and Rumania had been broken off in Rome. Meanwhile the former Rumanian Minister of Finance, Lapedatu, visited Berlin to arrange a loan. Thus Rumania's diplomacy, shifty as ever, has gained its object. Wiseacres will recall an old Russian joke. On the eve of Rumania's entry into the World War a certain diplomat asked a Rumanian statesman which side he thought would be victorious. The Rumanian answered, 'Our allies will win.' The foreign diplomat then inquired, 'Who are your allies?' 'The winners,' replied the Rumanian.

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The contest between France and Italy for political influence in the Danube has begun. All the representatives at Joachimsthal recognized the failure of the present Danube policy, which ties the Western Slavs to the apron strings of a country much too far away — namely, France. The finest treaty in the world becomes nonsense if a thousand kilometres separate the boundaries of the friendly contracting parties. France and Great Britain are ideal Great Powers, but Germany, Italy, and Russia occupy positions of more vital importance, because of their proximity. Italian tactics worked splendidly as long as they were confined to paralyzing the influence of France, but now it seems that they are about to extend further. Every attempt of one Power to dominate the Danube Valley inevitably starts trouble among the little nations there by setting them one against the other.

The best way to prevent this would be by close coöperation between neighbors. Beneš expressed this idea in his motto, 'Central Europe for the Central Europeans.' He also appealed for the moral support of Switzerland, whose spirit of liberalism would offset the Great Powers' policy of force in the Danube, and would aid the pacific aims of the Little Entente. 'Wait two more years, and you will become our partisan.'

Altogether it would seem to a neutral observer that, if the Little Entente persistently ignores economic conditions and does nothing to lower the present tariff walls, military competition among the Danube nations must go on, to the damage of everyone concerned. We can recognize the new boundaries, without approving all the measures taken to emphasize them. The Little Entente's mental reservations in regard to Hungary are understandable, but it might not be inappropriate to say that a sensible domestic policy is the most effective weapon against Irredentism. Here the Little Entente's conduct hitherto leaves much to be desired.

A Commission of Inquiry has been appointed to study the possibilities of greater economic coöperation among the Entente's three members. But the first step is to extend the scope of the commercial treaties between these countries. After that their relations with their neighbors can be arranged. But the idea of closer trade intercourse seems to receive scant popular support, and from what has appeared so far the Commission's work will bear little fruit. All policies depend for their success upon the promptness with which they are executed, and it does seem that the states that have become the spiritual heirs of the old Danube monarchy often neglect to take necessary measures until it is too late.

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HERR DOKTOR STRESEMANN[1]

BY MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

OFFICIAL commemoration of a revolution — accordingly no true German celebration! Victory of freedom over tyranny, of the Republic over the Monarchy, of the spirit of liberalism and internationalism over a horde of closeted, beribboned, bestarred courtiers! Triumph of the proletariat over the Moloch of capitalism! Yet we are surrounded here by the props and properties of West Berlin's Four Hundred: heads of the Army, of high finance — Jacob in his skullcap, of the Government, and of the police; cabinet ministers and scholars; Reichstag members and artists; great merchants; a whole army corps of ladies scantily garbed in gold, silver, satin, and lace; and everywhere alert representatives of the press. Grand cordons of every color, coats of arms, decorations of every class! Under many a coat lapel even the almost forgotten E. K. I.! Sparkling jewels against white-powdered throats! Pearl necklaces that would put Tecla to blush! And this the official commemoration of the proletarian revolution which was to witness 'the last tremor of dying capitalism'! Observing a little party of rigid Communists, who had arrived in flannel shirts and shabby street clothes, a German Nationalist Reichstag member remarked with a curl of the lips, 'How utterly out of place!' And when I asked a witty Independent what he thought of all this pomp and circumstance, he said: 'I've got my first clear impression of what the Russians mean by nepmen.'

I glance at the buffet, where piled upon huge cakes of ice tower mountains of caviar, buttressed by pheasants, sturgeon, cold venison, roast duck, salmon, tongue, roast beef, salad, roast veal, ham, and a chaos of hors d'œuvres. At this point the mob is thickest, and in the heat of the battle many a slender powdered arm rises aloft with a plate of booty, exposing through its dainty drapery a shaven armpit. Farther on are ranged squadrons of liqueur bottles, regiments of cigarette boxes, phalanxes of wineglasses, beer mugs, teacups, coffee cups, chocolate cups, and lemonade glasses. Skirting a glacier of ice cream, I reach the sweets department, where I discover every dainty, from *petit fours* to *Baumkuchen*, and from macaroons to Sacher tarts capped with whipped cream. Aye, a proletarian festival!

Back to the main salon. Here before the grab-grub signal sounded they played the *Internationale*. A year ago I saw a keen young Reichswehr cock bow his curried little head as reverentially to this air as he might have done in former times to the Siegerkranzlied. To-day the well-upholstered guests likewise listen with pious abstraction.

We are surrounded by ancient and honorable imperial pomp. The three massive but graceful crystal chandeliers above our heads once mirrored for one brief hour the November intoxication of two people doomed to die on the morrow — Karl Liebknecht and

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *June* 12

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Rosa Luxemburg. Aye, these chandeliers did see strange guests succeed the Hohenzollern tenant — Hasse and his distinguished 'comrades' dining off the golden dishes presented to 'his gracious cousin' by a Tsar. But they soon vanished. Yet they left one memento behind on the long satin-tapestried wall — Lenin, looking as if his elastic body were about to spring through the canvas, an ever-querying, alert, searching man of action, his eyes sparkling with Pythian laughter.

Two steps from this spirited portrait, directly in the centre of an otherwise empty circle of light under the middle chandelier, stands a stocky, pale gentleman in faultless evening attire. His bald head is a palish gray; his prominent eyeballs, framed in reddish half-closed lids, have a lustreless prismatic glint; a shapeless little poodle nose surmounts a self-indulgent mouth which prepares us for his ample waistline and the folds of flesh above his stiff collar. He stands alone because the *cercle* around him has formed at a respectful distance. Now and then a favored acquaintance disengages himself timidly from the crowd, advances with a deep obeisance, shakes the great man's hand, exchanges a couple of reverential words with him, and then withdraws backward, wriggling his rump with fawning rapture.

Thus Foreign Minister Stresemann now holds court, as Wilhelm did of old, though, it must be confessed, with less decorative pomp. The gorgeously uniformed adjutants who used to present to the Emperor those selected beforehand for the honor, and then salute, step backward, and stand stiff at attention with their eyes fixed on His Majesty's countenance, are lacking. Otherwise all is quite Third Empire.

Did someone mention an earthquake? Did n't the gossips prattle that Democracy had had a Republic to child? All empty rumor. The truth is, everything remains precisely as it was. An ordinary citizen addresses M. Briand, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Citizen Vandervelde, or President Coolidge as an equal. But what have we here? Endless drivel about the 'overthrow of arbitrary government' — as if any governing authority, national, social, or even that of the smallest club, could exist without being arbitrary. What impresses us here, however, is the survival of ancient subserviency. The *cercle* under the chandelier incarnates it. The new officialdom must have a sun in which to bask. . . .

At length the *cercle* reverentially disperses. I involuntarily recall what Bismarck said once upon a time: 'My honor is my own property. No man can bestow it upon me. The honor which I carry in my heart is all I want. No man can add one jot to it or subtract one iota from it. It is mine to dispose of as I will. I give myself as much as I believe I've earned. I refuse to accept more.'

Several apartments of this former royal palace are already familiar to Herr Stresemann. Eight years ago, when the Soviet representative, Joffe, was refusing audiences to Ebert's Moderate Socialists, the leader of the National Liberals visited him repeatedly and exhibited deep interest in his affairs. He came as the representative of certain manufacturers' associations to discuss trade opportunities in the young Soviet Republic, and, having a sharper nose for facts than his features indicated, he saw business possibilities where nine tenths of Germany's merchants and financiers saw only wreckage and ruin extending from the Peipus River to Lake Baikal.

Herr Gustav Stresemann, who was

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forty-nine years old last May, was born in the northeastern section of Berlin, the son of an enterprising beer dealer. He finished the secondary school, took courses in economics and history at the University of Berlin, and then went to Leipzig for seminar work in political science. His doctor's thesis, for which he doubtless drew materials from the family archives, was 'Upon the Development of the Berlin Bottled Beer Trade.' After finishing his course, the promising young business specialist immediately found employment with the German Chocolate Manufacturers' Association. From there he migrated to the Saxon Manufacturers' Association. Marrying early, he was a proud father at twenty-six. He wrote articles upon merchandising, and discussed manufacturing, trade, taxation, and kindred topics in numerous pamphlets and technical journals. Among other things, he wrote a brochure, from a business man's standpoint, upon 'The Economic Necessity of the German Navy.' All these were fugitive writings, designed to serve only the purpose of the day, and had no pretension to literary style. He likewise edited a periodical called *Sächsische Industrie*, whose financial backer was reputed to be 'the most reactionary employer in the Kingdom.' Up to November 1918 he was a member of the Navy League and of the Pan-German Union. Beginning with 1907, he was, with occasional interruptions, a member of the Reichstag. Meanwhile he also directed the fortunes of a party journal, *National-liberale Korrespondenz*, which after being rechristened *Deutsche Stimmen* was very popular during the war among army leaders and the Die-hards in general.

Thus the young man pursued a straight and narrow path leading directly uphill. He quickly developed into a stiff-necked, pushing, remorseless employers' union executive — a man of the 'put it over' type, every inch a climber, grasping the essentials of a situation instantly, solidly seated in the saddle, regarded with favor by high bureaucrats and authoritarians, a convenient Pan-German missing link between the Conservatives and the National Liberals. On the whole, a thoroughly useful man to his associates and patrons.

This straight and narrow path ultimately brought the Herr Syndikus to Dresden, where he gathered together in a sort of federation a number of trade bodies of various kinds. He was elected to the Municipal Council. Prussia's searching damp wind does not penetrate to the old Saxon capital — a rococo city overgrown with Middle German industrial culture. Her verdant gardens might be in Cambridge. She rejoiced at that time in a large English colony, and in a hinterland whose textile mills received their raw materials from Britain's territories. Here the Berliner breathed a different air from that of his native city on the Spree, or even from that of Leipzig. Bookstores, a university, a supreme court, and a luxury trade, gave new color to his surroundings. We do not know how valuable his services were in the City Council, but we may be sure that his new position gave him a welcome opportunity to put his dry theories into actual practice. He 'entered business,' learned to see the world under a different aspect from that of a manufacturers' association executive or a mere parliamentarian. His backer, Lingner, — of 'Odol, best for the teeth,' — taught the young man, fresh from his beer-fumed petty bourgeois environment, how to deal with the press. He was associated on directorships with canny captains of business and finance. As from a high mountain, his father-in-law pointed

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out to him the might and glory of the tin-plated Hohenlohe world.

This Pan-German is unjustly charged with having evaded active military service. Already well along in the thirties, his health did not permit him to take the field. Neither should we blame him too harshly for chanting Ludendorff hymns, tooting submarine fanfares, and championing annexations to the limit. 'War is Hell,' as the Yankees say. In 1916 Hugo Stinnes said to me in a merry mood: 'Thyssen wants me to persuade Headquarters to insist upon annexing the Caucasus. They are tremendously rich in minerals.' And Stinnes himself, although he was remarkably clear-sighted with respect to things within his special field, once replied to me, when I asked what he was going to do with the Belgians after we had annexed their country: 'Evacuate them. Of course we could n't use them.' Even Walter Rathenau, in a letter dated September 16, 1916, urged General Ludendorff to deport seven hundred thousand Belgian workingmen to German factories, 'without regard to questions of international prestige, and even if the American Relief work is ruined.' When green wood was burning as hot as that, what were we to expect of fuel already tinder-dry? No, we can't blame Herr Stresemann, though he certainly seemed at that time as little predestined to receive a Nobel Peace Prize — even one paid out of the profits of dynamite — as did his official colleague, Sir Austen Chamberlain, the champion of the Boer War and the Singapore Naval Base.

Gradually, however, reason began to dawn on the future Foreign Minister. Not as soon, to be sure, as it did upon Erzberger, who had often traveled beyond the boundaries of Germany, carrying her 'message of truth' abroad, and bringing back from Scandinavia, Switzerland, and both Black and White Rome some inkling of how the rest of the world saw things. In many essential respects, however, Gustav has proved to be a Saint Matthew. This National Liberal pairs well with the assassinated leader of the Centre. Both were self-indulgent, enterprising, shrewd, adaptable, jovial, good mixers, self-confident, instantly ready to argue either for or against any proposition at any hour of the day or night, and gifted compromisers able to conciliate recalcitrants and to stimulate laggards. Stresemann is a Protestant Erzberger. He started out with a more thorough preparation for his career than the latter had, as well as with a keener eye for the main chance, and a Prussian temper and discipline that gave him a certain firmness of grasp in dealing with the world's petty doings. On the other hand, he lacks the pliable Roman training, the Catholic tolerance for worldly fallibility, and a certain shrewdness, inherited from peasant forbears, inculcated by clever priests, and acquired from horse dealers, that the Centrist leader possessed. Neither has he the merry, frothy temperament and the versatility of the gifted Swabian dilettante. It is from Erzberger, however, and not from Rathenau, — who scorned the League in his writings, invoked vengeance on the French in his speeches, and prophesied the fate of Nineveh for Germany's great cities, — that the ex-Syndikus, ex-corporation director, ex-reactionary politician, got the inspiration for his *post bellum* policy. . . .

Vivat Gustavus Rex! His signature on messages of devoted loyalty to Holland's exile has not yet faded. But fear of being classed with cranks and visionaries soon reconciled this practical man to the Republic. . . . His shrewd business eye quickly detected the errors his predecessors had committed at London, Spa, Wiesbaden,

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and Genoa. He would never have been caught in the Rapallo trap. When at length fate made him Chancellor, therefore, he steered the ship of state at once into a safer course. . . . He has the courage of his convictions. As soon as he was sure of his bearings he had the faith to follow them. He did not hesitate until he was compelled to act. He had the courage to give up the disastrous resistance in the Ruhr, against the bitter protests of many of his own Party associates, and to set about earnestly preparing for to-morrow's peace instead of for an eventual war of vengeance. This assured him growing recognition, guaranteed the future of his moribund Party, and made him the man of Geneva, Locarno, and Thoiry. It may enable him to lay the corner stone of a Continental Economic Union.

CLERICAL CONFLICT AND COMPROMISE

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS

CHURCH AND STATE IN MEXICO[1]

A PERSON who knows only Mexico City, where organized labor and the public schools have superseded the Church in many spheres, is likely to underestimate the latter's influence in the Republic. One must travel through the country and associate with the common people to get a true idea of her power. Although services have been suspended in her places of worship, which dot the land by thousands, and even during Easter Week her sanctuaries stood cold and empty, evidences of loyalty to her faith appear on every hand. Scarcely a house, a boat, or even an automobile, is without its picture of Christ or a saint. The people, particularly the women, commonly wear brooches and medals with religious symbols. Whether so intended or not, these things produce the impression of a protest against the Government's anti-clerical campaign.

[1] From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily), *May* 31

Many erroneous opinions are current in Europe regarding the conflict between Church and State in Mexico. Catholic propagandists picture President Calles as a sort of Nero, moved by blind brutal fury to rob churches and to slaughter bishops, priests, and pious women. On the other hand, anti-clericals extol him as a hero, who has valiantly thrown down the gauntlet to a wealthy and all-powerful Church, which has greedily engrossed the patrimony of the people and has impoverished the country in order to send streams of gold to Rome.

Both opinions are equally absurd. The Church in Mexico was once wealthy. Early in the last century, at the time of her greatest power, she probably owned no less than half its natural wealth in the form of great estates and mortgages. In fact, her fear lest these riches might excite the cupidity of a Liberal Spanish government made her support the independence movement under Iturbide, and for many years thereafter neither president

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nor dictator dared to defy her authority. Juárez, who seized power about the middle of the century, was the first national leader bold enough to dispute her sovereignty. He finally succeeded in breaking her power, by confiscating her property, closing the monasteries, and banishing the religious orders. All over the country one still sees remnants of the magnificent churches and cloisters seized at that time, now used for government offices, army barracks, theatres, and even stables. The Church was active in urging certain European Powers to intervene against Juárez and to make Maximilian emperor. Yet even this pious prince could not satisfy the exorbitant demands of the Papal Nuncio and the bishops, and his controversies with them helped to undermine his throne. When Juárez, who with true Indian obstinacy refused even in the depths of disaster to change one iota of his policy, succeeded, with the help of the United States, in overthrowing Maximilian, the Church lost once for all her secular authority. Yet Juárez was not able to blot her completely out of the picture. In spite of his rigorous measures against Catholicism, the masses remained loyal to the faith, and during the long period when Porfirio Diaz held power the Church recovered many of her former privileges. This was accomplished largely through the influence of women. The wives of cabinet officers took religious orders and cloisters under their protection, and had their children educated by priestly and monkish tutors. Thus the legislation of Juárez became virtually a dead letter.

It is hard to discover the real reason why the Calles Administration has made such a violent attack upon the Church. Doubtless there are several causes: Socialist and Freemason antipathy to all organized religion; a suspicion that the clergy have been scheming to prevent the Government from dividing up the great estates; and the jealousy that any constituted authority instinctively feels of a powerful rival. Unquestionably the measures taken against the clergy are extremely harsh. The latter have been singled out for a persecution which utterly violates the democratic principle that all are equal before the law. Processions and religious ceremonies outside of churches are forbidden. This excites the more resentment since Socialist demonstrations and Labor celebrations — even strike meetings — are freely permitted in public places.

So far, however, the counterattacks of the Church have been futile. An active agitation conducted by exiled Mexican priests among their fellow believers in the United States effectually prevented American intervention. The mere suggestion that Washington's foreign policy should be dictated by Rome was enough to arouse the hereditary Anglo-Saxon fear of the Papacy, and to make the Government extremely cautious not to incur the odium of being influenced by the Vatican. Attempts by the clergy remaining in Mexico to start a revolt against the Government have been equally unsuccessful. No general, though backed by an episcopal blessing, would venture to attack Calles, for the working classes are armed and alert. Yet notwithstanding the Church's defeat in her efforts to overturn the Government, — efforts which her wiser leaders probably disapproved, — her hostility fills the authorities with growing alarm.

In the first place, the Church is naturally a stabilizing and conservative element in society. Now Mexico, weakened as she is by fifteen years of civil war and revolution, needs stability above all else. By antagonizing the Church, with her far-reaching influ-

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ence upon the people, the Government has opened the door to the forces of anarchy. Furthermore, the Mexican Church, though she may call herself Roman Catholic, is essentially nationalist. When the Administration attacks her it also attacks national unity, which is urgently needed to resist threatening perils from without.

A fight against the Catholic Church is also peculiarly difficult and dangerous, as past experience shows, because her centre of authority lies outside the Government's jurisdiction. It is comparatively easy for the men who have seized power in Russia or Turkey, where there is a national church or religion, to crush clerical resistance. It is not so simple a task to crush the Roman Church. She may be driven out of the country, but she is likely to come back. This is peculiarly true of Mexico, where her representatives have been expelled violently by a political party, and not by a popular uprising against her.

Therefore people say in Mexico, not without reason, that the country's real enemies are not the United States or any *insurrecto* leader, but chaos and disorder. Those two enemies are unquestionably encouraged by the warfare against the Church, and the old proverb may again prove true, *Qui mange du pape en meurt.*

PARTY AND CREED IN GERMANY[2]

SHORTLY before ex-Chancellor Wirth issued his pronunciamento to the effect that the Clerical Party must support the Republic or suffer the consequences, one of his distinguished associates in that Party, a man who is in complete agreement with Wirth, said: 'If it comes to the point, there will be a split.'

[2] By a South German, in *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily), *June* 15

No split has occurred, however, although Chancellor Marx and the Party caucus would have been justified on grounds of discipline in reading Wirth and his followers out of their ranks. The fact that they did not do so indicates the extremely difficult situation in which the Centre Party now finds itself. The Wirth incident, though the most conspicuous and sensational episode so far in this crisis, is by no means its only symptom. A situation has arisen that threatens the very life of the organization.

The Centre is a confessional party. No matter how carefully it camouflages this by pushing to the front a few Protestant members kept for publicity purposes, its true and ultimate objective is not political, but ecclesiastical. Political power and party organization represent for it only a means to an end. That has enabled the Clericals hitherto to follow a consistently opportunist policy, and to ally themselves as suited the occasion with the Left, the Right, or the Moderates. In Prussia they have joined forces with the Social Democrats, in the country as a whole with the German Nationalists, in Baden with the Weimar Republicans, in Wurttemberg with the Right Extremists, and in Bavaria with the Monarchists. For the same reason they have been able to retain in their ranks the most discordant elements — aristocrats and workingmen, peasants and captains of industry, republicans and monarchists, reactionaries and radicals.

Since the Revolution the Party has had unparalleled success. It has won more than it dared hope for even in its dreams — primacy in the National Cabinet, and constitutional guaranties of freedom. But right here lies its danger. It is no longer a struggling waif, an outcast, but a pampered possessor of power. It is no longer a minority party whose members have wandered in the

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wilderness for decades; it occupies the seats of the mighty. Yet simultaneously the great superpolitical ideal which made the Party strong is gradually losing its hold upon the rank and file.

Less than half the Catholic voters in Germany are now members of the Centre. A very large number, by no means all of whom are merely Catholics by baptism, belong to the German Nationalists. A still stronger element has joined the Social Democrats, who are making a special effort to win over the Catholic workingmen. The tragedy of this is that at the very moment when the Clericals are in the full tide of success, and have all but attained their ultimate goal, a concordat and a new school law, they find it increasingly difficult to hold their Party together. The steel hoop that held the tower intact so long has sprung asunder.

Ex-Chancellor Wirth insists most emphatically that he will not found a new party. He undoubtedly means precisely what he says. But he is actually defying the fundamental principle of his Party in the policy he is pursuing. As a purely opportunist organization, working for superpolitical and exclusively ecclesiastical objects, the Centre cannot commit itself to any political doctrine. Wirth, however, makes a political doctrine the first article of his creed, which is to fortify the Republic and to develop Germany's democratic institutions.

Now, the Centre has supported the Republic. It has rendered great services to the new Government. But it has never explicitly declared itself republican. Wirth, however, does this. The tactics of the Centre have looked toward strengthening first of all the Centre Party; Wirth's tactics look primarily toward defending and strengthening the Republic. The Centre strives to rally Catholics to its banner; Wirth tries to rally republicans to his banner. This shows itself clearly in the agency which the ex-Chancellor uses for his propaganda. The great campaign he is conducting all over the country is carried on through the *Reichsbanner*, an organization which, as everybody knows, includes all three of the parties that have pronounced unqualifiedly in favor of the Weimar Constitution. In short, confessional dividing lines are completely obliterated in his programme, to make way for political and republican lines of demarcation.

Wirth's campaign is receiving powerful support from Catholic manufacturers, artisans, and tradesmen. He is also tremendously popular among the Catholic Youth, especially in the universities. His meetings are invariably packed, and those in attendance are by no means all Social Democrats. We should remember in this connection that when the plebiscite upon restoring the royal estates was taken a very large number of Catholics voted in favor of expropriating the Hohenzollern properties, in defiance of the explicit orders of the bishops and the highest Church authorities. The number of Catholics who openly disobeyed the Church on that occasion numbered fully two million, or nearly one half the Clerical Party membership. This gives a clue to the probable strength of the insurgent element that is following Wirth.

We now come logically to the Young Catholic movement, which is not advertising its activities, but is extremely important. Its distinctive feature is its insistence that the Catholic Church shall become an exclusively religious body. It represents a reaction against the political spirit of Catholicism. But it goes further than that. It is also a reaction against the rigid forms of the Church, against certain narrowing

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influences that are trying to isolate Catholics from modern currents of thought.'

Bearing in mind the great reluctance with which a Catholic who takes his religion in an obedient spirit expresses opinions regarding Church polity, it is very significant that a prominent spokesman of the Catholic Youth, the head of the Labor Academy in Frankfort, M. F. Michel, should describe the task of the Church as follows: 'No longer should her mighty authority be used to shackle Catholics to her temporally conditioned forms; instead she should liberate them from the often oppressive burden of this formalism, and guide them to the true and vital heart of her teaching.' Another prominent leader of the movement recently made the following bold statement: 'In order that the Church may not petrify, she produces heretics.' Or, coming back to Michel, we find this statement: 'Woe to the Church if she refuses to recognize the duty of the day and repels those who would rejuvenate her. That would doom her to isolation and stagnation.' This reminds us that Professor Wittig, of the Catholic Theological Faculty at Breslau University, who is a very influential man among the Catholic laity, was excommunicated, after his writings had been placed upon the Index and he had refused to renounce his opinions.

All these currents are flowing in the same direction. They express a powerful demand for the emancipation of Catholicism from politics, as well as from all narrowing and isolating influences. How much they will accomplish against the entrenched power of the Church authorities and the official leaders of the Clerical Party is a question. But these forces are stronger than surface indications show, even among the clergy.

Ex-Chancellor Wirth's political campaign therefore parallels a purely religious movement. In fact, the two agitations are closely interrelated. We shall be able to measure them better after the next election, by the increase, if any, of Wirth's Reichstag group, which at present fails to register adequately the sentiment behind it. Although the other wing of the Party is presumably much the stronger, and has the power of wealth and office behind it, the Clerical leaders are well aware that Wirth has captured the coming spiritual and intellectual leaders of the Church, of the working classes, and of the students. Consequently they are handling Wirth with the utmost caution and diplomacy. The outcome will be watched with intense interest.

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CARTELS AND DEMOCRACY[1]

BY FRANCIS DELAISI

THE formation of the European Steel Cartel stirred up lively anxiety in the public mind. From the beginning of the present century, in all countries and all branches of industry, there have been numerous understandings, cartels, and pools, so that the control of the forces of production and exchange has come into the hands of a few men.

To-day these organizations cross national boundaries and have reached continental dimensions. Thus a kind of economic oligarchy has been created in sharp contrast to political democracies. That oligarchy controls prices and disposes of immense financial resources, and is thus able to influence public opinion through the press, which is itself concentrated in the hands of a few. Hence it gains the mastery alike of spirit and of matter, and can make of our political institutions a mere screen for its secret dictatorship.

Is it possible for democracy to control the cartels? That is, perhaps, the most serious problem which faces us at the present time.

Our ancestors held that democracy implied economic individualism. When they said, 'All citizens are equal before the law,' they imagined every man master of his own labor or his business, and assumed that every man must take his chance; society merely assured an equal chance for everybody. Thus free competition was the order of the day. People trusted to that to keep down prices for the benefit of the consumer, who alone clearly stands for the general interest. That is why they destroyed the guilds and trade corporations, and forbade associations of workers, employers, or merchants. Economic individualism was the very foundation of political democracy.

This system worked for nearly a century. It cannot be questioned that the spur of competition was a powerful stimulant in the magnificent industrial push of the nineteenth century, and that, by lowering prices, it caused an increase of comfort altogether unknown to earlier centuries.

In fact, this tendency to lower prices led the manufacturers to lower wages, which were the most elastic item in the cost of production: low wages, long working days, the labor of women and children, these were carried to extreme limits, so that they menaced the race with destruction. The workers formed unions in self-defense, in spite of legal prohibitions; they went on strike, and then they secured trade-union rights. By uniting the majority of the workers the trade-unions forced up wages and obliged the employers to improve conditions of labor. The trade-unions were literally 'cartels of labor.'

Then the employers in turn rejected individualism. They formed associations to resist the trade-unions and, in case of need, to meet the strike with the lockout. Later, mainly on the Continent, when rising prices put them at a disadvantage in competition with

[1] From *Foreign Affairs* (London pacifist monthly), *April* and *May*

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foreign producers, they united to secure protective tariffs. Finally, when the intensive development of machinery and production brought them into deadly competition with one another, they formed cartels and pools to limit production and raise prices.

Naturally, when the cost of living rose, the workers demanded increased wages. They were strongly organized, and they succeeded. The employers contented themselves with including the additional cost in their prices. As the consumers were not organized, the whole cost fell upon them.

In this manner the position of all three parties was completely reversed. The system of individual free competition, a system in harmony with the democratic ideal, had promoted the well-being of the consumer at the expense of the wage-earner. The corporative system of to-day works for the benefit of the producer, of the employer, and even, to some extent, of the wage-earner, at the expense of the consumer.

This fact has given rise to a new social problem. The old system of economic individualism oppressed one clearly defined class among the people — the wage-earners, or proletariat. That class became more and more conscious of its common interests as opposed to the bourgeoisie, which controlled capital, production, and exchange. And this explains the universal success of the philosophy of the class struggle.

The problem to-day is far more complex. The new victim, the consumer, does not belong to any particular and definite class. Everybody is the sufferer. Doubtless the poor suffer more than the rich; but the worker, strongly organized, can defend his interests and secure some compensation. The high cost of living is a far heavier burden on the middle class of civil servants, those with small private incomes, and so on — a vaguely defined class, without clear limits, and composed of people who are at one and the same time capitalists and wage-earners, and who represent such different points of view, such different interests, that they cannot organize themselves.

For these reasons there is no resistance to exploitation by the cartels. Until quite recently foreign competition intervened sometimes to check the rise in prices, in the absence of competition among the producers within each nation. The cartels protected themselves against it — at least on the Continent — by means of tariffs. And now they are concluding international agreements. If they continue in their course, and no control is set up to check the rise in prices, the purchasing power of the masses will be reduced and industry will go slow. That may lead to the degeneration of society as a whole.

But, it will be said, the consumer has a natural protector — Parliament; in all countries there are chambers elected by universal suffrage, representing all citizens without distinction, without respect to income or economic function; that is precisely the representation of the consumer.

That would be true, if the citizen regarded himself in this manner. Unluckily, when he votes he usually thinks far more of his interests as a producer than of his interests as a consumer. He continually hopes that a larger income will make up for larger expenses. If all citizens are united by common interests as consumers, they are divided by their interests as producers. It is far easier to organize manufacturers, agriculturalists, or wage-earners in hostile electoral groups than to get them to agree on a common programme.

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Nevertheless, suppose that at a time of universal crisis public opinion compels Parliament to turn its attention to the prevention of high prices. What can it do? Pass a law? But a law is almost always negative in character. It forbids something, provides penalties for those who disobey its behests. In the present case it could forbid the formation of cartels, but that prohibition already existed a century ago, and it was found necessary to withdraw it. The development of machinery in all countries has made the formation of associations unavoidable, among both the employers and the workers, and everywhere the laws forbidding them have been repealed. Nobody to-day thinks of suppressing the cartels.

There remains the possibility that Parliament should prevent their abuse by fixing prices. But what prices? Price is the outcome of a trial of strength between supply and demand. As soon as competition is stopped and supply arbitrarily limited, the trial of strength ceases, and only abstract terms remain. In former days theologians tried to determine *a priori* what they called the 'just price'; that could be conceived at a time when economic conditions were almost stable and change too slight to be observed. But it is not so to-day; the cost of production depends on perpetual fluctuations in the cost of raw materials and freights, on the development of machinery, the movement of wages, and, most of all, on markets, now large and easily secured, now suddenly restricted. For centuries, in fact, at every time of crisis, governments have tried to fix prices by legal enactments, the control of foodstuffs, legal maxima, and so on. . . . Always the play of changing economic forces has swept away the regulations. Economic laws have overborne political laws. Perhaps the greatest illusion of modern times is the belief that political authority can usefully and effectively intervene in the economic sphere. It can create confusion, set different interests at loggerheads, intensify strife; but it cannot establish order. The constant experience of centuries proves the helplessness of the law in the matter of prices — and, in consequence, the helplessness of political parliaments to protect the consumer.

The cartels with which we have to deal are a living reality; control must be exercised, not from without, but from within; it must be, not bureaucratic, but organic.

Cartels, pools, or agreements are horizontal groupings: they unite all the manufacturers of a single commodity — steel, for instance. They put an end to domestic competition between these manufacturers, and, if there is an international cartel, to foreign competition as well. Here they are, then, masters of the market, fixing quantities and fixing prices. They take advantage of their position to push prices higher and higher. But there is a limit. If prices are too high consumption will decrease, and the cost of production will be augmented. To meet this difficulty they lower wages and prolong the working day. Thus the limits of profitable production may be extended in two directions, upward and downward. Consumers, faced with an accomplished fact, can do nothing but acquiesce. As for the workers, under threat of dismissal they must either submit or revolt; but strikes are painful and burdensome, and one cannot often resort to them.

But suppose the consumers of steel — say, the manufacturers of sheet iron — themselves formed a cartel, and they and the workers in the blast furnaces, likewise organized, were admitted to the deliberations of the steel cartel; everything is changed at once.

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The cartel is dangerous only because it unites people having the same interests; their solid mass is then able to crush contrary and unrepresented interests. If the latter are present, the purchasers of steel resist the fixing of prices too high; the trade-unions oppose the attempt to make wages pay for the reduction of prices granted to the purchasers; a compromise is reached, and all are spared a secret or a violent struggle.

Hitherto, however, the agreements concluded by cartels have never held for long; quantities and prices are revised periodically, often every six months, or even every three months. If the three opposing groups are summoned each time, any who may have been injured by the first agreement may secure an adjustment, and in this way the agreements, continually overhauled, will lead to a lasting understanding.

In short, in any healthy economic system prices ought to be settled by a rivalry of interests; cartels are dangerous at present because they have put an end to the rivalry. Tripartite negotiations, such as we propose, restore it within the cartel; in so doing they reconcile the need for industrial organization with unchanging economic laws.

There is a further advantage in the new plan. When a single interest is represented, as is the case in present-day cartels, there are tyranny and exploitation.

When two interests oppose one another, there is a struggle.

When three interests come face to face, there is more flexible interplay. Now the worker joins with the consumer against the employer to prevent a rise in price; now he joins with the employer against the consumer to prevent too great a drop; now the employer and the consumer make common cause against the worker. Each in turn is arbiter between the other two, as circumstances arise and the two opposing interests occasion. In each case the need to take the interests of a third party into consideration means that the spirit of compromise wins the day against the spirit of violence.

The conferences on fiscal subjects, and on currency, which I have organized in recent years have proved the truth of this in the most striking manner. They included, first, representatives of producers' unions — manufacturers, merchants, farmers, and bankers; secondly, delegates of trade-unions of workers and civil servants; and, thirdly, representatives of the State. One group gave full expression to the needs and grievances of the public; another, possessing technical knowledge, pointed to a possible means of change and betterment; the third reminded the other two of the enduring interests of the community as a whole. All had technical knowledge or needs which they knew by experience. Almost always they reached a working compromise and adopted it unanimously.

This proves that when a problem is stated with precision and all the conditions are known, and when it is examined by those who have the requisite knowledge, the number of possible solutions is very small, and it is easy to reach agreement between the opposing interests.

This system of periodical tripartite negotiations must, of course, be applied to all branches of production and all the stages in the production of the same commodity. That, in fact, is what is done at present. There are a raw-steel cartel, a rolled-steel cartel, and understandings between the manufacturers of agricultural machinery, electrical appliances, and so on. Similarly, in the textile industry there are

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agreements for wool, for yarn, for woven material; and under each head for spun cotton, spun wool, fine spinning, and so on. At every stage in the manufacture of each product there are agreements. But under the present system these groups are isolated and often hostile; yarn, for instance, which is the finished product in one group, is the raw material in another. Hence endless conflicts.

Under the tripartite system, on the contrary, the manufacturer of yarn takes part as a consumer in the decisions of the wool cartel, as a producer in the spinning cartel, and as a contractor in the weaving cartel. Thus he fulfills in turn the three essential economic functions; he is compelled to view the situation from all angles in succession. That obliges him to see beyond what is immediately before him, to escape from sleepy narrowness of mind, and to understand economic conditions better in their totality.

The same applies to the wage-earners. They have long been organized in industrial federations, and they know that the weaver must not depress the wages of the spinner, and vice versa.

Thus the chain of interests, which are linked horizontally to-day by the cartels, will be linked vertically by tripartite representation. The rhythm will be that imposed by the interdependence of various enterprises in the same branch of industry.

But the fear may be expressed that at each stage of production manufacturers, wage-earners, and purchasers will agree in raising prices and passing the increase on from one cartel to another, all along the scale of transformations, until finally it falls with overwhelming weight on the public. But at this point trade steps in. Wholesale purchasers and retail sellers, organized in the same way, will not be slow in reporting that the consumer is limiting his purchases. That will affect their turnover, and they will complain to the producer and threaten to check the activity of his factories. But this means that, beyond a certain minimum of production, — which will be greater in proportion as machinery is more powerful, — industry as a whole will be the loser. The impetus will, therefore, be passed from one to another and will react, the latter cartels recalling the first to moderation. Only this tripartite organization can ensure perpetual contact between interests which are opposed and yet at one, and so make certain rapid transmission and adjustment all along the chain of finishing industries. It may prevent the violent crises which are caused from time to time by the lack of contact between the wholesale producer and the public. Moreover, this system of vertical agreements between horizontal cartels actually exists in France, notably in the silk industry, where it gives excellent results.

But, it will be said, all that is very complicated. Would it not be simpler to suppress conflicting interests, instead of adjusting them by so complex a mechanism? Capitalism, starting with individualism, has arrived at industrial unification. But it has stopped short halfway. Let us push the process to its conclusion by placing all industries under the same control by socializing them. By one stroke antagonistic interests will vanish when all the means of production and exchange belong to the State, representing the consumers as a whole; and the problem will be solved.

It will be solved only on the surface. The Soviet experiment showed that the administration of the factories could not be entrusted to soviets of workers, nor handed over to a State bureaucracy. In order to stimulate

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initiative and create a feeling of responsibility, it was necessary to organize all the factories in trusts, constituted as joint stock companies, with financial autonomy, a balance sheet, and a profit and loss account. Certainly these trusts do not distribute dividends to shareholders, but none the less they must regulate their selling prices and their cost of production, and allow a margin of profit for the redemption of loan capital, for reserves, for percentages to the administrative staff and the workers' shares.

Thus every Soviet trust tends to put up prices and lower wages. It meets with the resistance of the trade-unions, as happens with us, — sometimes it even comes to a strike, — and with resistance from the purchasing trusts.

Doubtless the State, as the sole shareholder in all these trusts, is their sovereign master. It regulates their activities. The State economic scheme (*Gosplan*) determines the plan of production and the prices annually in advance for each industry and each branch, and for each local trust. But the only way to make out this advance plan is to summon meetings between supplying trusts and purchasing trusts and workers' trade-unions. These tripartite discussions take place from time to time all along the line, in order to fix the quantities to be provided. The figures are often modified afterward by means of similar periodical consultations. In short, the figures drawn up in the *Gosplan* serve merely as a guide and means of control. The dictatorship of the proletariat, however mighty, submits meekly to the play of economic forces.

In a word, whether we are dealing with a Socialist or a bourgeois state, the solution of the problem is the same.

What does that prove? Merely that the tripartite formula is wholly independent of any metaphysical conception of capital and labor, of collectivism or individualism. Economic forces, like material forces, act according to fixed laws. Absorbed by their special interests or their traditional philosophies, men may fail to recognize them, but they always end by obeying. Thus Soviet experience and the present tendency of capitalist cartels move along converging lines.

Homogeneous and isolated cartels are a danger to democracy, to domestic peace, and to world prosperity. Linked and balanced according to the tripartite formula, they become elements of progress. It is not the part of democracy to suppress them, but to prevent their domination by causing contrary interests to enter into them. Economic liberty is to be found in compromises, always susceptible of alteration, between forces which are always in movement. State bureaucracy, whether Socialist or bourgeois, could not solve the problem. Economic democracy does not depend on legal enactments; it organizes its own activities.

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MUKDEN TO MOSCOW[1]

BY LADY HOSIE

EUROPE and Asia, despite textbook classifications, are one vast geographical entity, a single continent. Russia and Turkestan for centuries stood between the populations of China and of Western Europe. The early attacks on Europe by the Tatars of Central Asia, those fierce nomads, and the difficulties of climate and territory, proved efficient deterrents to intercourse by the Northern land routes. It was, by the drama of Fate, left for the last of the Tsars, before his dynasty was extinguished, to light the way down that long corridor of Siberia, and to unite the east and west of our common continent. Nicholas knew well that he was making history when he cut the first sod of the Trans-Siberian Railway; but he did even greater than he knew.

The immortal Fabre would certainly have seen the prototype of that railway in the spider's thin, long-spun listening line, leading from his web, so fragile, yet so strong. The Great War and the ensuing Russian Revolution broke the line; but the Soviet has lately mended it, and once more the traveler along its slender steel thread realizes the proximity of Tokyo to Berlin, Peking to London, and, what is of immediate interest, Mukden to Moscow. It is only six thousand miles from Harbin on the Sungari to Riga on the Baltic: a long railway journey, truly, and the building of such a line is another instance of man's indomitable patience. But the land crossing of even such a distance is, after all, comparable in length with the journey from 'Frisco to New York, Quebec to Vancouver. And it brings home, as nothing else does, the unity of Asia and Europe, and the foresight of the advisers of the despised Tsars.

The British traveler bound for China by way of Suez, India, and Malay cannot appreciate the achievements or the genius of his race and fathers till he returns by way of the northern half of the same continent and perceives some of the enormous problems fronting the leaders of action there. Still less can the American critic, who often comes with scant knowledge of the past conditions of life in the civilizations he now sees working under British guidance. The barest glimpse of Manchuria and Siberia, then of Moscow, Berlin, and Brussels, sets values right — always provided, of course, that the traveler brings with him that first essential of travel, sympathy in the difficulties, sorrows, labors, and joys of others, a gift of charity which good authority sets higher than the gift of tongues.

Manchuria, whence my mother and I set out on the long trek for Berlin, is a strange and disturbing mixture. Chinese peasantry keep the soil, the strategic position. The Japanese are shopkeepers and men of big business, and staff the professions. Finally, there are Russians of every variety, old begging women and princely refugees, former officers and new Soviet officials, but all bearing a countenance of care,

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and few looking prosperous. Above them towers the figure of the Chinese Director of the Three Provinces of Manchuria, Marshal Chang Tso-lin. He appreciates much of modern life. His palace is a huge brick mansion, his arsenal turns out modern munitions, his cotton mills are furnished with British spindles. But he blends a paternal and Mussolini-like autocracy with his modernism in disconcerting ways. Last autumn, for instance, the Chinese stockbrokers in Mukden annoyed him seriously by their speculations in his paper money. It was shaking the foundation of government, he said. So he took the sixteen chief stockbrokers of his capital and shot them — *pour encourager les autres*. A 'short way' with your stockbroker, but a little too smacking of despotism if democracy is to be the ultimate object.

We waited in the Soviet offices at Harbin for our passports among a crowd of resigned Russians, who have to repair there monthly or weekly for renewed permits to live there or travel therefrom. The train across Siberia is managed by the International Company of *Wagon-lits*, who undertake to frank one from Harbin to Ostend. And international, indeed, is the company on their trains. There traveled with us Chinese, Japanese, Germans, Swedes, an Italian, a Norwegian, a Rumanian, besides six young British naval officers going home on short leave from Weihaiwei, their average age one-and-twenty. We were happy in each other's company and profited thereby, being guests together in a foreign land, having demanded and received the somewhat reluctant hospitality of Soviet Russia in the pursuit of our lawful occasions. At Moscow, later on, a party of Persians, the lady among them being in Persian dress, added spice to our coterie. They were visiting Moscow *en route* for Paris from Teheran — a suggestive sign of emotions in the new Nearer East.

When we had passed the fir-clad Altai Mountains, with their brown trout streams and reedy pools, and had settled down to the thousands of miles of rolling Siberian steppe, a Bolshevist lady of sincere convictions would invite a German and me to her coupé for a symposium on the Bolshevist faith. The German was a diplomat of liberal views, whose reputation for moderation had not been exaggerated. A big, quiet man, he would listen with a half-smile, while his pretty young daughter went to play 'snap' with the British Navy. He said to my mother, with a sigh, that the world owed Germany one debt at least — namely, that she had stood as a buffer between Communism and Western Europe. We were as interested in the evidences of the practice of Bolshevism as in its faith. At Omsk we heard rumors of the new highway which General Feng Yu-hsiang is building thence to the northwest corner of China, a road 'not to be trodden of by Imperialist feet.' Along it he can receive help from his Soviet friends without their having to reach him by way of Vladivostok; or through Manchuria, where highly organized Japanese opposition might supplement Marshal Chang Tso-lin's efforts.

Both the German diplomat and I remarked on the agricultural prosperity of Siberia, up to a certain degree. The Soviet is undoubtedly doing its best by its own people there. The land looked cared for; and the peasant, at least, is encouraged in his passion for the soil, however full of tricks the Third International at Moscow may be with regard to the outer world. On the train was, moreover, a White Russian, a former officer in the Grand Army, and to-day a commercial traveler in leather goods. He bore testimony to the more liberal treatment of such as himself now pre-

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vailing in Russia. Rendered desperate by lack of work, their relatives dead, a few of them have recently ventured back, and so far they have been left in peace. They have no civil rights or status, but they begin to hope that their uncovenanted mercies will be continued.

For thousands of miles we passed through fields of oats and hay — enough oats and hay to feed the horses of the world. Birch avenues led off from the rough cart-tracks, which wandered up and down the rounded slopes. There were no roads. A Chinese from Hongkong discussed all these things with me. He had taken his science degree at Hongkong University some years ago. His uncle had been knighted by the King, 'because he gave a large subscription to a Hongkong benevolence,' he blandly announced. This is, I fear, the impression the Far East too often receives of the honors we give to their Chinese representatives. He had, alas, no sort of feeling of attachment to our British Commonwealth of Nations.

He had a business in scientific instruments. Thank heaven the war was over, so that he could buy them from Germany again. The English attempts at making them were pitiable, and the American not much better. He had traveled round the world twice, and thought theosophy the religion that suited him best, combining the uncontroversial out of each religion. He took exercise by practising the Charleston in the train corridor. In Hongkong he and his wife, whose very attractive photo he showed me, went twice a week to a dance club frequented by modern Chinese — the only exercise he had a chance to take. Having been among foreigners so much, he knew the value of exercise, and he was not going to grow into the fat compradore type of his forbears. He could not shut up his business on Saturday afternoons and Sundays like foreigners and go golfing, for competition was too strong. He had no use for London, because its cabarets were as nothing compared with Vienna; and nobody in England asked a stranger to go home with him, so he had to go to cabarets or sit dumb in his hotel. When he grew rich, he would like to buy a big ranch in Manchuria, manage it in the grand style, and bring up his family on the soil. But his wife would certainly object. And had I noticed that we had not seen a single motor car since we left China? Now if we had been crossing Canada or the States, we should have seen them in hundreds of miles, without break, of lilies, campanulas, anemones. Siberia could be as prosperous as Canada. But Bolshevism seemed to mean that, if everybody could not have a car, nobody should have one; which did not sound sense, or give scope for personal energy. The Russian lady might wax as enthusiastic as she liked on the riches of Siberia, its timber, minerals, and cereals, but he, a Chinese, could only see how undeveloped these were.

Autumn and spring are the seasons in which to cross the great steppes. In winter the railway carriages are heated to a pitch unendurable to a Briton, and the double windows are screwed fast down. In summer the heat and the consequent dust and flies are equally intolerable. But in spring the train saunters through hundreds of miles, without break, of lilies, campanulas, anemones, forget-me-nots, irises; and in autumn the yellow harvest is eclipsed by the golden pennies of the birch trees, which drop their largesse to the waiting earth in a windless atmosphere. The train runs smoothly at some five-and-twenty miles an hour. This easy motion renders the ten days from Harbin to Moscow bearable, the nerve strain being thus reduced to a

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minimum; and we enjoyed it. When the line was first resuscitated by the Soviet after the Revolution, there were bad accidents, for the deterioration had been steady. Now, although the engine driver takes the train at snail's pace over certain bridges, there are constant signs of workmen rebuilding. The fuel is wood. The American-educated wife of the Minister for Railways in China told me, before we started, that she was sure she could never go by Siberia, because she would fear that the supply of fuel would run out, and she be stranded in the middle of such a dreadful wilderness. But enormous and plentiful cords of wood, ready fagoted and piled, stand at intervals on the track.

Toward midday the train usually stopped twenty minutes or so at wayside stations, and we took the opportunity to buy food. There was a restaurant car; but its methods, being typical of a certain Bolshevism, were totally unrelated to life. For life, being biological rather than logical, demands compromises upsetting to the doctrinaire. I went the first morning for coffee, recalling with inward satisfaction the superexcellent creation of the Greek chef, the pride of the Trans-Siberian train in pre-war days. An unwilling attendant unlocked the wagon at my rappings and pointed to his comrades asleep in a row, rolled up in bedding on the floor of the restaurant. He showed me on his wrist watch that it was only seven, by Moscow time: we were gaining an hour every day. Apologizing, I withdrew, crept back in an hour, and found them still sleeping. In another hour they began their toilettes, and presently were ready for clients. But we had made breakfast for ourselves, meanwhile, at a convenient station. The Soviet, to the lasting gratitude of all travelers, has retained that ukase of its predecessors which required that a vat of boiling water be maintained at every station, so steaming hot that it can be poured from a tap straight on to tea leaves for tea. We would run with kettles and teapots and stand in a queue for this most welcome provision. There was one good meal a day provided on the train, at a reasonable price; and we took it once. It was such an enormous meal, of many meat courses, that one such was indeed sufficient for the day. But noon was its hour, and noon meant twelve midday, Moscow time. This at Harbin was at seven in the evening, at Omsk about five in the afternoon, at Tomsk three, and so forth. This did not seem to trouble the restaurant attendants, but our digestions refused to be governed by the noon hour of Moscow, although we were told that the Mecca of the Soviets, being the most important city of the world, should set the time and hour of *déjeuner* for the world.

So we followed the examples of the second- and third-class Russian passengers. They ran at the various halts to trestle tables set up near the platforms and bought the excellent fare which Siberia provides. Her butter is golden, her honey worthily commands a high price in Moscow, and her land flows with milk. We usually bought the last boiled, for which we were glad. In the hot months travelers have been made ill with the food, and dysentery and typhoid are always ills to be avoided. Bread was of white flour or dark rye, and good if coarse. Cooked chickens, ducks, and sausages and hard-boiled eggs were in plenty. There were even cheap firm-fleshed grapes, come up by caravan and train and from Bokhara way, we were told. The prices, we were interested to find, were much the same as prevail in England now, except for chickens and ducks, which were cheap. We paid about two shillings a pound for the butter. It was

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not an elegant existence, for we washed our plates and cups in the little wash-places neatly built in between each pair of coupés. Our neighbors on the other side, however, were two Japanese doctors, and their politeness and consideration were what one has learned to expect from their nation.

Behind these food-stalls stood the farmers' wives and daughters of the locality. Symbolical they were. Most of the mothers wore shawls over their heads, had tight bodices and long skirts, and their fingers were hard with work. Their daughters wore the short navy-blue pleated skirts, knitted jumpers, and flesh-colored silk stockings one might see in any city of Western Europe. In the bigger centres they were shingled, and their hands were well kept. On the summit of the gentle swell of the Ural Mountains is a junction known to former travelers as Tcheliabinsk. Like so many Russian cities, it has been renamed. One buys there alexandrites and other Ural stones, little black iron bears, birch-bark cigarette cases, furry moccasins, painted and jointed wooden toys. A market was in progress by the light of naphthalene flares when we arrived. On the platform a large group of immigrants clustered round mounds of their possessions. The Soviet has now decided to continue the policy of the Tsarist Government of settling peasants in Siberia from other less happy parts of their domain. The women looked so worn and tired, as they struggled with wailing babes and brass-bound leather wallets, packed to bursting point, that I helped one mother, aged thirty or so, to drag her mound. She smiled wanly at me; her thin faded hair was straggling, her teeth missing or decayed. Toward us came a man crying newspapers. When I looked, they were, each and every one, fashion papers! We shook our heads; but as he went down the train his wares were eagerly sought, and he was soon sold out to the Russian women of the second class, who were going from one inland township to another, and to whom this journey was an event. An excellent sign, this. There is small hope of renascence for any nation whose women are sunk in apathy as to their clothes.

Not only is Siberia caring for her looks; her mind is receiving attention. We often bought our chickens wrapped up in neatly written Russian exercise books. The school-children trooped to the stations to see the *wagon-lits* train pass through, the boys sitting on the fences, the girls in staid clumps, silent, eager-eyed. Like shy deer, they strolled away when approached by strangers. But one day a girl teacher of twenty or so stayed her ground and kept with her the big girls who were hanging on to her arm in that passion of adoration which is evidently to be found in the Siberian schoolgirl as in the English. She was one of the prettiest young women I have ever seen in my life; she not only possessed the glinting gold hair, with curling tendrils, of romance, a wild-rose complexion, and clean-cut features, but she had also a light of intelligence playing in her deeply blue eyes, and poise and courage in the lift of her head. We could not communicate by speech, but presently, smiling, she made as if to take off my hat. I guessed her thought, and showed her my shingled nape. She nodded, and ran her fingers scissors-wise at the back of her lovely neck to indicate her intentions.

Anyone who has served on an English education committee acquires an uncontrollable habit of peering into and appraising children's curriculums. I found myself tentatively dipping my hand into the satchel of the nearest schoolgirl. She consented, and I drew out a book, well bound, well printed.

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It was a German primer! When I spoke in that tongue, however, the child gave me to understand that she had but begun to learn it. Curiously enough, the page opened at the declension, in the singular and plural, of the words 'Der Gott' and 'Der Herr'—from which I gathered that the Soviet believes in teaching a foreign language in its schools; that that language is German, and not French as in the olden days; and that the words 'God' and 'Master' are at least mentioned academically.

Of the Orientals on the train, the three Japanese doctors were being sent by their Government and Administrations to Germany, to study German methods in hospitals and public health. So also were the four Chinese doctors. Two of these latter were Christians, and made acknowledgment of their faith in talk among the others in circumstances which were none too easy. There were three Japanese engineers and three Chinese, also being sent to Germany, to study research in engineering. They all expressed a desire to visit Great Britain; but one realizes that Germany is the nearest and cheapest place for the Far Eastern student, outside of Russia. One Chinese had his wife with him, a dainty girl of twenty-odd, who clung to me as to a sister when she found I could speak Chinese. These Chinese or Japanese knew no language but their own, except a smattering of English, and their courage in starting off in such conditions for High Germanie struck me as amazing. The Chinese wife, in a long turquoise flowered-satin tunic, which she covered over at stations with a ruffled red-satin cloak and accompanied with a white satin hat on semiforeign lines, was very anxious to learn foreign dressmaking. She assured me that there would be a great opening for that by the time she returned to China, and begged me to suggest how she, who knew no German, could get lessons in it in Berlin, while her husband studied the childrens' diseases and hospitals which were his objective. The last I saw of her in Berlin was going off in a taxi, looking rather frightened, and every onlooker turning to gaze at her style in dress!

The comments of the Chinese on what they saw were instructive. The little wife said that it was good to travel safely on a train, without fearing interference by bandits or rude soldiers, as in China of to-day. And for me, too, there was a feeling of relief, for we passed no convict trains, as in pre-Revolution days. No longer does the sigh of the political prisoner resound through those steppes or weigh on the heart, however many other burdens there may be. That is to the good. A tall stooping man had been pointed out to us at Manchouli, the dusty little town on the Manchurian border. He was the Russian Commissioner. He walks with a curious dragging gait which he will never lose. For ten years he was a prisoner, his legs shackled together with heavy irons. The bitterness of his suffering has eaten into his soul. Of course, a large proportion of the Siberian prisoners were criminals. Many of the law-abiding citizens of the untidy towns of the Manchuria-Siberia frontier are released murderers and burglars. None are more insistent than they, so an Englishman who lived among them told us, on the sacred rights of the person and of property. Yet these towns have a strangely disproportionate ratio of apparently purposeless suicides each year among their reformed and prosperous community.

Two *provodniks*, or train attendants, looked after our coach, one on duty while the other slept. They played draughts at every odd moment. I

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doubt if the older of the two washed during the whole ten days, hands or face; and he wore his cloth cap night and day. He was a good-natured, simple fellow. The other, a fair young man, began by resenting our existence, but, by the end, he was washing daily; and we came to play draughts with both. Those two unfortunate men were the most incapable draught-players in the world. It was impossible to lose to them. The Japanese doctors had never played draughts before, but, after watching the game once, beat the Russians. The older provodnik took his beatings with such undiscriminating fatalism that, for the good of his soul, I worked hard and lost two games to him. As he was chuckling over my lunatic moves, our Japanese neighbor came in and instantly drew my attention to my errors. I had to accept, or be detected. But, when he interfered a second time, I gave him a good hard pinch, and to this day smile at his shocked amaze. The Japanese have the games instinct well developed, and my would-be helper went away, unable to endure my quixotic dishonesty and lack of sportsmanship. The draughts board was a sheet of notepaper, made into chequers with penciled squares and shadings — a pitiful makeshift, and rather grimy with wear, but the dearest treasure of the elder provodnik, who handled it tenderly. The draughts were tiny discs of box cardboard roughly colored with chalk. These men would be receiving the eighty rubles a month wages which the Soviet gives to the 'hand workers' in its employ, as against double that for the 'brain workers' of the station-master standing. And both the provodniks and the station-masters along the whole line, from Manchouli to the Polish border, had for months two per cent of their pay deducted, at source. and without consultation of their opinions, for the benefit of the English miners.

We were not allowed to stay more than twenty-four hours in Moscow. Such is the undertaking the *Wagon-lits* people have had to make with the Soviet. But we naturally saw what we could, and were driven furiously about the cobbled streets in a taxi that had a powerful engine but whose body needed a coat of paint, like many other things in Moscow. We had set our hearts on seeing once more at least the outside of the Kremlin, the glory of travel in Russia in Tsarist days, so made our way to the centre of the city. Although the small shops looked shabby, the stores in the centre are better stocked than one might expect. At one point we came upon a group of men in a public garden surrounding a flower bed. From the raised heart of it emerged a face in profile, very vital, laughing, with upturned moustachios and curling lip — a face done in small flowers and colored plants, with horticultural skill. It was the face of Dzerzhinskii, the former head of the Cheka, who died last year. Dzerzhinskii done into flowers! One was taken back to the eccentricities of the French Revolution.

The face of Lenin also can be seen, behind glass, three times a week, on presentation of a card, as he lies in his red coffin. It fell on the wrong day for us. But the simplicity of Lenin's present mausoleum strikes the imagination of an Anglo-Saxon as the exotic display of his lifeless features could never do. It is of plain polished tree-trunks laid one on each other like a log cabin. Its modesty recalls Peter the Great's wooden house in his St. Petersburg capital. And its homeliness seems to deprecate that vehement severance between the Russia of to-day and the Russia of history which is so strident in the new mausoleum now

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being erected on cubist lines a little distance away.

One is forced to ponder on what will be the effect of this present phase of Russian mentality impinging on China. The Red Square in Moscow takes one inevitably back to the Red Tombs of the first Manchu emperors in Mukden. Astonishing that these two mighty places, separated by the Siberian steppes, but by no intervening civilization, should be equally so gorgeous and so great! The façades of the Red Square in Moscow are painted, literally from mansard to basement, in blood-red, and the effect, if one looks without prejudging, is magnificent. Marshal Chang Tso-lin, with a piety sadly rare in modern China, keeps the Manchu Tombs freshly painted that deep vermilion which expresses the mind of China in its most expansive and solemnly joyous mood. There the great pile stands, set in a green forest outside Mukden; its yellow tiles, spacious courtyards, and massive red walls and bastions, with their blazing color and majestic proportions, bringing an unforgettable satisfaction to the eye and soul. Those Tombs are the flower of China's Imperial past.

And here in Moscow stands another great Square of Red, a red symbolical of so different a thought — of revolt, and of the overthrow, not only of kings and empire, but of every precedent and recognized standard in life. Modern Russian Bolsheviki find only things to be discarded in Russia's past history. It is this violent reaction and iconoclasm which they are carrying to the Chinese seekers. It is this spirit which induces certain modern Chinese students to tear the picture and name of Confucius off their walls and to trample on them.

Yet is the past all forgotten? Between Moscow and Berlin a prosperous Russian, clothed in garments from New York and speaking English with an American accent, came and talked with us. He traveled to and fro between Russia and the States a great deal, it transpired. Now in the China of to-day one becomes accustomed to the very eulogistic way in which the extreme Nationalists speak of their country. All is fair and rosy, in a way that takes English breath, and with a rosiness one would gladly be able to claim for one's own country. I was not, however, prepared to meet a similar optimism in an Americanized Russian who had just left Moscow. All was fair in Russia, nothing wrong. When he reached the Polish border he inveighed bitterly against the Poles. The boundary bristles with Polish wire entanglements, and the Polish gendarmerie, though polite and smiling, wear a small arsenal about their persons while they examine passports. He declaimed against them as jacks-in-office, and thought the Poles feared Russia absurdly. But he naïvely ended his diatribe: 'You are not staying in Warsaw, you say. Ah, it used to be one of our finest Russian cities!' There was more than regret in his tone.

English people visiting Berlin after Brussels or Paris comment on a certain war-shabbiness. After Mukden's native city and Moscow's look of semiresurrection, the German capital's orderliness and cleanliness, its well-kept stucco, its leafy parks, the activity of its streets, the beautiful cart-horses and the polished motor cars, strike the traveler with a sense of comfort and normality. We had in our company over the Siberian route an English schoolboy of fifteen and a half. He had gone from an English public school for his holidays to his parents in China, the journey both ways taking exactly four weeks out of his two months' holiday. He had enjoyed every minute of the journey, wished it would last for-

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ever, and had made up his mind to learn German. He had played 'snap' in every language, eaten picnic meals, and slept soundly in a top bunk as only a boy can. What was our distress to learn that he, the youngest of us, had been expelled from the train at Stenstch on the Polish-German border at five in the morning, owing to some slight inaccuracy in his passport, after all his travels. We did our best to help the boy when we reached Berlin, visiting consuls and station officials. The boy got himself bravely out of his entanglement himself in due time. As we sat in one German's office, however, while he telephoned for us to Posen, whither we learned our young companion had been returned, we overheard him exclaim: 'What a nation these English are! Sending their young children unaccompanied over half the world! They might never have heard of a Russian Revolution!' It must be set to Soviet credit that it was possible for that English schoolboy to travel within her borders so many thousands of miles without a mishap, as well as for two unaccompanied women, and in reasonable comfort and safety.

The uncertainty is whether this toleration of other nationalities will last. It means so much, not only to Europe, but to Asia. For Europe and Asia are one. Russia, which used to divide, is now setting herself to be the connecting link. And this link she owes, whether she remember it or not, to the past, with which she likes to imagine she has broken forever.

ON THE ROAD TO ISPAHAN. II[1]

BERNHARD KELLERMANN

At daybreak I am awakened by a sound as of solemn chimes, to find the caravansary all alive. A great camel train has come in at dawn. Seen from in front as they approach, the animals, with their long legs, their great packs on either side, and their little heads high in the air, have a spectral appearance. They look more like gigantic birds just folding their wings than like quadrupeds. As soon as they reach the courtyard they are lined up, and one animal after another kneels to be relieved of his burden. Then fodder is tossed on the ground in little heaps, and they gather around it in circles to feed. A few minutes later another clanging of bells announces the approach of a second caravan. Some of the camels of the first immediately rise, with curious eyes, and approach the new arrivals, whom they greet by stretching out their necks as far as they can and rubbing noses with them.

We get under way as soon as we can thaw out a little, after paying for our tea, charcoal, and bare sleeping quarters the equivalent of one American dollar. Ismael's lodging has cost nothing. Mohammed, the chauffeur, has slept by the braziers in the tea house, and climbs into his seat as black as a

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *February* 13, *April* 17, *May* 8

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stoker. The servant and Djamshid have frozen nearly stiff in the car, and do not limber up until the sun is high enough to warm them.

I have looked forward with great interest to the stretch of road between Aliabad and Kum, for it passes close to Daria-i-Namak, the great salt lake, nearly sixty miles long and thirty miles wide, which lies between Teheran and the latter city. For a while we ride through barren steppe country. Then, after crossing a low range of hills, we see the salt lake glistening like a polished silver plate ahead of us. The broad girdle of marshes surrounding it is dark violet. Beyond rises a range of snowy mountains which look as if they were carved from white, black-veined marble. As we coast rapidly down to the lake level the straight road along its margin is visible for its whole length of fifteen miles or more. Columns of smoke rise perpendicularly from the violet swamp, where salt boilers are working. Herds of cattle and a few tents are visible. This lake receives the waters of all the streams that flow south from the Elburz Mountains, including the creeks and brooklets we crossed yesterday, yet in the summer it dries up so completely that a caravan trail leads across it by a short cut from Kum to Teheran. But the trail must be used with caution, for caravans that wander only a short distance from the beaten road sometimes disappear without leaving a trace in the neighboring bog.

Kum, one of the three holy places of pilgrimage of the Shiites, is a smallish city whose residents seemed immersed in an atmosphere of piety and meditation. They are awakened in the morning by the muezzin's call to devotions, and retire at night with his evening call to prayer. The town lies nestling in a plain surrounded by a mountain rampart which seems to have isolated it from all influence of the West. It is only a few years since foreigners were first permitted within its gates, and even to-day it is dangerous to take photographs there. Despite cautions against making snapshots of the mosques, I do so on the sly. A stranger who even inadvertently desecrated one of the holy places would be instantly torn to pieces by a fanatical mob.

The Mosque of the Holy Mashmeh is a magnificent building, with two large and two small, slender, soft-blue minarets, and a lofty portal of dark-blue tile. A great onion-shaped golden dome, resting upon a cylindrical rim of a duller golden hue, glitters in the sunlight above. Since no unbeliever is permitted to enter it, I must content myself with my interpreter's description of the interior — a great entrance court, perhaps three hundred feet long, containing a basin of pure water and two little clock towers. The doors of the building itself are covered with silver images, and the heavy grating in front of the saint's tomb is of massive silver, against which are hung valuable fabrics left there by pious pilgrims. Candles burn everywhere. Close to the mosque is a vast cemetery — a clay field with the graves indistinctly marked by stamped tiles. Corpses are brought from hundreds of miles away to be buried near the saint. Shops sell pieces of stamped clay about the size of large coins and bearing inscriptions, which are placed upon the forehead during prayer.

Next to the cemetery is the bazaar, which is far more interesting and beautiful than the one in Teheran. The vaulted passages seem endless. Caravans of camels and loaded mule-trains thread this labyrinth; Persian patricians ride through it on magnificent horses. I feel that I could

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roam about the place for weeks and never tire.

We stock up here with eggs, butter, and fruit. The little daughter of our innkeeper is our guide. She is scarcely ten years old, but already veils her face and insists upon carrying our purchases. Every Persian bazaar has a large hall called the *Chahar-fu*, or 'Four Corners.' That of Kum is the finest of them all. Both architecturally and structurally, it is a masterpiece. When we enter it I suppose for a moment it is an ancient mosque. Around the central dome are grouped a circle of smaller domes, and the vaulted, grottolike ceiling is wonderfully ribbed and buttressed. On the floor, far below this lofty ceiling, lie bales of silk and rugs, close to a pair of rude balances with stone weights.

Our accommodations at Kum are rather better than they were at Aliabad. My room is cold and draughty, but it has rugs, though they are worn and ragged, on the floor. I pay for wood and charcoal for the night as much as I should pay in Germany for a week's fuel, in addition to fifty cents for the room itself. The landlord asks two dollars at first, and when we object and offer one fourth that amount he tells us we can have the place for nothing. After we leave, however, a servant runs after us to collect the smaller sum we had tendered.

We leave the town over an arched bridge across a stream that flows into the salt lake we passed yesterday. The highway is crowded with camels and pack trains. On the bank of the stream below us, almost under the golden cupola of the mosque, people are washing a corpse, the white body clearly visible to all the world. A little farther down women are washing clothing, animals are drinking, and people are drawing water for domestic use.

The snow is thawing high up in the mountains, and the cliffs glisten with moisture in the sun. We pass a ruinous caravansary crowded with resting camels, and cross a brand-new bridge over a rushing mountain torrent, which likewise hastens away to the salt lake. Just beyond the bridge stands a little mosque, erected over the grave of some saint. No one is in attendance, the door stands wide open, and the sarcophagus, a marble cube directly under the dome, is visible from the highway. Clean, prettily woven mats and a few inscriptions are all we see inside — a picture of repose and retirement.

We lunch at midday near a lonely house. I open a can of sardines, and invite a little white kitten to share it with me. She has never in all her cat's nine lives eaten sardines before, nor will she ever eat them again — yet she seems to make little of the experience.

Lofty, snow-white mountains appear to the southward, and we catch a glimpse of the pass we are to cross tomorrow. It is more than six thousand feet high, but we are already three thousand feet above the sea. Gravelly deserts again surround us, stretching flat and barren between the snow-capped ranges. For the first time since I reached Persia I really suffer from the heat. The landscape is lovely still, and dead, its sandy soil overstrewn with stones as if a hailstorm of pebbles had rained upon it. Short, withered, thorny weed-stalks cover the whole plain. They are dusty and brittle, and used for fuel. At all the resthouses along the way we see caravans laden with them.

The road seems interminable, and the mountains seem to recede as we advance. The telegraph line runs sometimes on our right and sometimes on our left, thus constituting the only variety in the scenery. At one point we pass the ruins of an ancient

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caravansary, of which only a few feet of the wind-eroded walls are left, lying by the wayside like the timbers of a stranded and wave-broken vessel. I count ten camel skeletons inside a few minutes. They lie almost intact where the animals fell. Occasionally we cross a dry river-bed. My companions sleep. When I light a cigarette Djamshid unconcernedly reaches up and helps himself to a couple, one of which he lights and thrusts in the mouth of our half-dozing driver. Early in the afternoon we reach our day's destination, a little place called Dalijan.

Kinder people than these villagers of Dalijan one must travel far to find. We ask for chickens. They are instantly provided — three of them, and very cheap. A bystander helpfully volunteers to decapitate them. The men of the village squat under the sunny walls with spindles in their hands, spinning and knitting. A steel blue is evidently the fashion here, for they wear broad blue trousers and broad blue coats with white sashes.

My servants are in their seventh heaven. They drink tea and gossip. Everything will be charged to me. Djamshid comes to beg a can of 'those little fish,' and I give him the last of my sardines. They are a great curiosity in the smoky tea house, and the villagers stare with admiration at Djamshid as he devours them. A little later Djamshid lights his opium pipe, exhales the smoke through his mouth and nose, and his gaze grows fixed. What does he see? Does he see himself a great lord traveling through Persia with a mighty caravan of camels laden with cans of sardines? Or as a foreign gentleman too exalted to speak the language of the country, who takes an interpreter with him wherever he goes, pays all the bills, and throws pennies to the beggars? Who knows?

While Djamshid is wrapped in blissful opium dreams, we are struggling vainly to keep warm. The gloomy, cellarlike room we occupy is as cold as ice. The crevices in the broken door have been pasted over with scraps of paper. We burn a whole packing case in a desperate effort to raise the temperature perceptibly. I try to scribble down my notes by candlelight, but my fingers are numb. At length the cold drives me outdoors to where a fire is burning in a black courtyard. Here I make the acquaintance of a merchant from Jerusalem who is taking goods in a motor car from Bagdad to Teheran, and speaks some English. When I see him next morning I do not recognize him at once. He has built a brisk fire under his motor to warm it up, and I expect to see the whole vehicle and its cargo ablaze at any moment; but nothing happens. When we start, he for the North and I for the South, he says: 'There is n't much snow on the pass — not more than five inches.'

This reassures me, for I have looked forward with considerable concern to negotiating this part of the road with our heavily laden car.

We have some trouble starting. Djamshid is still drowsy with opium. The chauffeur cannot get our motor to go. During the night, however, a Persian mail automobile — a magnificent vehicle of American make — has come in. It shoves our car ahead until the motor starts.

We have spent our first night in Ispahan at a modern caravansary. There are no camels or camel drivers in it — only automobiles and chauffeurs. The garages occupy the ground floor, the sleeping rooms the floor above. Unquestionably this is a very convenient arrangement in a country where motor travel is becoming so

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common that it may largely forestall railways. We have built a great fire to keep out the cold, and all night long hear automobiles coming and going. In the morning a laughing duck — a strange specimen indeed — awakens us.

Our first news upon arising is that the mountain passes are snowed up. Snow is a metre deep upon the road to Shiraz. Several motor cars have stuck fast in the mountains. The post auto from Hamadan has just arrived, two days behind its schedule, with its passengers half frozen, and by this time the passes we have just crossed coming from Teheran must be blocked. Here at Ispahan, however, the sun is shining bright and warm from a glorious sky of vernal transparency.

I decide to make my winter quarters in this genial climate, and start out at once to find a habitation. In Persia people do not live in flats; every man who pretends to have a decent abiding place occupies his own house. Those offered me at first all belong to a wealthy merchant who owns a whole section of the city, and, to judge from their broken windows, dilapidated doors, and dust-laden floors, have stood unoccupied for years. Finally I am lucky enough to discover a fairly new house quite suitable for my needs. Indeed, it seems almost luxurious compared with the miserable quarters in the caravansaries where I have stopped. It has six rooms around a courtyard, and a roof which I can use as a verandah.

So I have promptly closed with the owner's offer of twelve toman, or about eleven dollars, a month. This is twice the price a Persian would have to pay. In addition I must keep the roof clear of snow, if that should prove necessary. It was not until I paid down my first month's rent that the huge door-key was handed over to me.

A secondhand dealer, as is usual in this country, has furnished the place. He brought chairs, dishes, lamps, stoves, and rugs, and the thing was done in a few minutes. You can hire here everything needed to go to housekeeping. A chair and a stove cost two shahi, or about one cent, a day; and rugs are rated according to their size, one cent a day for each square yard, regardless of whether they are new or old.

A few minutes after we moved in, four asses trotted into the courtyard, bringing firewood. A woodcutter followed them to split it up. He uses a heavy wedge-shaped axe, and holds each stick, as he splits it, with his bare foot, striking with unerring accuracy within an inch of his big toe.

Already seven cackling hens are excitedly walking around the basin in the courtyard, inspecting their new home. I have just heard a scratching at my door, followed by a white paw thrust through the opening, and a huge Angora cat has slipped cautiously into the room to inspect the new tenant.

My interpreter, Ismael, has laid aside his sheepskin jacket and has blossomed out in an amusingly nondescript European outfit, except that he dispenses with a collar. His brother, Karim, who acts as our house boy, still runs around in his ragged clothes, wearing the heavy boots which he inherited from the Swiss aviator, Mittelholzer. By night we are comfortably settled.

I make a formal call upon the Governor, Mirza Soleyman Khan, where a crowd of well-trained servants takes me in charge the moment I arrive. Samovars and water pipes with their red tubes stand in the vestibule. His Excellency's reception hall is very simply furnished. A rug, a desk, a couple of cheap European chairs, and the usual tiny stove made out of old

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kerosene tins, in which a servant immediately starts a fire, complete an inventory of its contents.

Almost immediately the Governor enters. He proves to be a thoughtful, kindly, elderly gentleman, with good-humored eyes sparkling behind his gold-rimmed spectacles. He wears around his shoulders a leather-colored *aba* of homespun woolen cloth, and has a black kulah on his gray head. His simple garb puts my interpreter to shame, for Ismael has dressed up for the occasion like an inflation profiteer. He is indispensable, however, since the Governor speaks no European language. A servant brings tea and cakes, and our conversation begins.

First I inquire after His Excellency's health, and the Governor thanks me for my interest, which he considers a great compliment. I next beg the Governor to pardon me — I intended to call on him the moment after my arrival, but I have been suffering from a severe cold. The Governor replies: 'We have heard of your arrival, and have also learned that you were not well. That has been a source of great concern to us. Our joy is the greater to see you quite recovered.'

I now describe the object of my journey, expressing the hope that what I write home will help to enlighten the people there regarding Persia and the Persian nation.

The Governor bows and replies: 'It is assuredly a great piece of good fortune for Persia that you have come. I hope that the hardships of your journey have not been too much for you.'

After that the Governor volunteers to help me in whatever way he can. The Chief of Police will call on me tomorrow to learn what I wish to see. Everything will be open to me, except that he would request me not to enter the mosques. He proves to be something of an archæologist himself, and names a number of buildings which I must not fail to see. For example, there are two little towers in Ispahan so cleverly constructed that you can shake them with your hand, and if you shake either one the other sways also. Another tower in Ispahan dates from before the days of the Persians themselves — only Allah knows how old it is. Last of all, the Governor kindly offers to show me personally, and at once, the old Palace of the Shahs, whose shattered walls and broken vaulted ceilings still retain some of their original magnificent decorations and colored tile-work.

Rarely have I been received with such kindness and polished courtesy. No high official in Europe would possess the same grace and tact.

Ispahan is reputed to be the fairest city in Persia. Certainly it is one of the most enchanting places on the globe. Its charm is comparable with that of old Kyoto, although naturally very different in character. Basking eternally in golden sunshine, under a translucent heaven, it has the air of being simultaneously cheerful and pensive, animated and reposeful, in its still gardens and under its domed roofs. It is one of the most conservative cities on earth. Barely perceptible echoes of Europe's noise and tumult penetrate to its quiet streets. White-turbaned mullahs, who have religion and justice in their hands and scrupulously watch over both, keep the people true to their ancient ways. At morning, noon, and night the chanted prayers of the faithful rise from every household and street corner. The social structure of the community still resembles closely that of a European city in the Middle Ages. A score of wealthy men, whose only claim to distinction seems to be that they have made the pilgrimage to Mecca and enjoy the title of hadji, rule

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the town. They own its houses, bazaars, and gardens, and also whole villages in the surrounding country. Their children are brought up entirely Persian, so that scarcely one of them speaks a word of a European language. One tiny newspaper reports the news of the Shah's kingdom and the world; but I never saw a copy exposed for sale, and never during my long sojourn in the city saw a person reading one.

Ispahan is without a piano or a gramophone, without an electric light or a cinema. Certainly that is a rare thing in the world to-day. The sole novelties here are kerosene lamps, which have come from Russia and have made a complete conquest. Practically the only European goods one finds in the bazaars are medicines, enamel ware, locks, and lamps. But half an hour away from Ispahan lies an Armenian suburb, Julfa, where there are excellent European shops in which you can buy even bicycles and motor cycles. There I found German thermos flasks, writing paper, and cutlery, though most of the goods displayed were British.

But look yonder! What spaciousness! What a sea of sunshine! Dancing silhouettes, harmony, perfect proportions, beauty! Hurrying pedestrians make tiny colored specks in the distance; a caravan of camels files through the middle foreground; a great throng of people clusters in yonder corner.

It is the parade ground of the Shahs, the broad, roomy heart of Ispahan. Whenever I behold it, skirting its edge as one does the sea along the beach, I stop every few paces to draw a deep breath. On every visit — and I have already been there a dozen times or more — its charm overwhelms me anew. This parade ground is a huge rectangle, possibly a thousand feet or more long and half as wide. This is all relative, however. No square in Europe equals it in extent. Yet it never seems barren or empty, so perfectly proportioned and composed is the framework that surrounds it. On the south stands the great Mosque of the Shahs, rising in the middle of its expanse to a high portal of dark-blue tile. Four graceful blue minarets shoot aloft beside the gigantic dome. In the evening the mosque's silhouette is etched against a transparent sky; during the day it sparkles in the sunshine until almost invisible in the dazzling play of light. The old Palace of the Shahs dominates the long eastern side of the square with a tall two-story pavilion, which seems narrow compared with its height, but is probably one hundred feet wide or more. From its flat roof there is a magnificent view over a sea of domes and gardens into the distant mountains. The second story, which occupies half the height of the structure, is a lofty, broad, airy loggia, whence kings, princes, and courtiers used to view the processions, games, and ceremonies in the square below. Polo originated in Persia, and this parade ground is sometimes said to have been designed originally for that game. In the centre of this grand loggia is a large reservoir, lined with sheet copper, whose limpid water cooled the interior and moistened the dry air from the arid highlands. The cool, darkened, thick-walled rooms around the inner courtyards of the Palace still contain beautiful half-faded frescoes and decorations. At the time of my visit they are being covered with whitewash. I welcome this, for it may preserve them for a future, and more appreciative, generation.

The two other sides of the plaza are enclosed by the vaulted-roofed bazaar, whose façade is broken at intervals by lofty portals. The principal entrances on the north side lead to the streets of the engravers, the steel-coffer makers, and the iron dealers,

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and in front of them are aligned itinerant fruit vendors' barrows and outdoor kitchens. That is where one always finds a crowd of peasants and traders. It is the busy, haggling corner of the square. On the right and left of the main portal are several tea houses.

Warm sunshine floods the open vestibule of my tea house in the corner of the Shah's parade ground. I never fail to drink tea here whenever I can, for I have rarely found so charming and entertaining a place in which to linger.

This particular tea house has no marble tables and no black-jacketed waiters. In fact, its tables are primitive and clumsily carpentered, and have benches attached to them about a foot from the ground upon which to sit. In the middle of each table lies a straw mat upon which stand glasses and water pipes. Everything is very simple, and the waiters might be somewhat cleaner, I confess. One of these deft-handed chaps pours tea extract and hot water from two kettles into my glass; another drops in the sugar. Samovars hiss and bubble cheerily on the buffet to delight the soul.

My tea house is always well patronized. People bask here in the warm sunshine and enjoy themselves — descendants of the Prophet in black and green turbans, merchants in white, gold-embroidered turbans, and all sorts and conditions of men, rich and poor. Water pipes gurgle. Close in front of my table squat three women with veiled faces, smoking contentedly. Within are rooms occupied by guests who want quiet and obscurity — opium smokers.

Peasants wrapped in felt mantles ride past, with a veiled woman and children before and behind them in the saddle. Small boys gallop by on asses and mules. The dark portals of the bazaar swallow them up, and simultaneously disgorge a motley throng into the sunny square. Gongs clang; camels stalk by, and disappear in turn into the labyrinthine bazaar where the great warehouses to which the goods they carry are bound and the caravansaries are. Women of the better class stroll past in more orthodox garb than they wear at Teheran. Some have their shoes sewed to their wide wrinkled trousers, so that not even the tiniest fissure shall expose their ankles. White cloths perforated with tiny slits of openwork through which to see veil their faces. They look like ghosts. Several odd characters hurry up and drink their tea in great haste. They do not even enter the vestibule, but squat at a table in the open square. They are but half clothed, in blue-and-red checked cotton, and their heads are partly shaven, leaving a long mop behind. They are attendants at a neighboring bathhouse, which is recognizable from where I sit by the bright, highly colored painting over its entrance. All day long a poor ox works a treadmill in the cellar drawing water for the bathers from a deep well below. The bath cloths are dried upon the roof of the bazaar. Ah, those bazaar roofs! With their endless domes and cupolas they form a grotesque landscape, like a sea of clay swelling in great bubbles.

Whenever we visit the tea house we attract much attention. Oftentimes the crowd is so large that Djamshid, whom I bring as my servant, has to push the intruders away by main force. My interpreter, Ismael, puckers up his nose, for he does not like to mingle with the common people. He prefers the fashionable tea houses, with mirrors and glass chandeliers, that look inside like a merry-go-round. At our modest tea house we are always served with great politeness, although we

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make a lot of trouble. Every glass that we use is defiled for the Mohammedans, and must be purified by a prescribed procedure. It is thoroughly scoured inside and out, — which certainly does it no harm, — and then dipped solemnly three times in water, being lifted high in the air after each immersion. Even our handshake is defiling; but if our hands are dry, the average Moslem does not feel it necessary to wash after touching them.

To-day we had a little excitement at our tea house. The proprietor had asked me to photograph him while he was carrying two teakettles and sixteen glasses. When he posed, however, the guests crowded around him so closely, in their eagerness to get into the picture, that he and his two teakettles and sixteen glasses were completely blotted out of the scenery. Before the thing was over a general fight ensued, and the police were forced to intervene.

To-day when I was walking across the Great Plaza an elderly merchant said something to me. As he spoke Persian, I tried in several languages to discover what he meant. At length he pointed up to heaven, and I understood that he asked Allah's blessing upon me. So I made a deep obeisance of gratitude, and he went his way.

A JAPANESE ON HIS COUNTRYMEN[1]

BY DR. INAZO NITOBE

[DR. NITOBE is the well-known author of *Bushido*. The following article is mainly a reproduction of a lecture delivered at Keio University after his return from a sojourn of several years at Geneva, where he was an official of the League of Nations.]

No nation dislikes criticism more than the Japanese, or reflects upon it with more searching of soul. We therefore profit by learning what foreigners say about us. At Geneva, where forty nations are represented among the resident League officials, many witty sayings are current regarding the distinctive qualities of different peoples. For instance, it is said: 'One Englishman signifies stupidity, two Englishmen sport, three Englishmen an empire.' Another is: 'One Pole, a charming companion; two Poles, a heated argument; three Poles, three political parties.' There are said to be seventy political parties in Poland. Coming to our own people, the saying is: 'One Japanese, silence; two Japanese, smiles; three Japanese, a mystery.'

Our Government has had representatives from time to time on all the forty or more international committees at Geneva. They seldom speak, however, many of them apparently imagining that on account of their imperfect command of other

[1] Translated from *Kaizo* ('Reconstruction') in the *Japan Weekly Chronicle* (Kobe Anglo-Japanese weekly), *May 5*

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languages they uphold the dignity of their country better by keeping silent. Indeed, they are almost irritatingly taciturn, although they understand the subject under discussion, as is clear from the manner in which they cast their votes. Two Japanese smile. In fact, when two Japanese meet they invariably laugh, or at least grin broadly. Three Japanese are a mystery — at least, that is the impression they make on foreigners. 'Mystery,' moreover, is meant to be understood in a bad sense, as crafty and disagreeably incomprehensible. Why do we produce such an impression? In order to understand the reason we must consider three things — Japan's attitude toward the rest of the world, the Government's domestic policy, and the behavior of the people.

To begin with, Japan has had little time comparatively to practise the art of intercourse with foreign nations. She lived in seclusion for centuries, and opened her door to foreigners only a short sixty years ago. Added to this are the barriers of language and writing, and above all a radical difference in the way of thinking. The Occidental thinks inductively; the Oriental, as Bergson has pointed out, thinks intuitively. These inevitable obstacles to mutual understanding have been aggravated by some of the diplomatic measures of our Government. For example, its conduct in China and Siberia during the Great War was unpleasantly suggestive of that of a thief at a fire. Even from the most apologetic standpoint our conduct was ambiguous. Every foreign government considers our Siberian expedition, and still more our Twenty-One Demands upon China, dubious mysteries. Our attitude on the opium question has been equally incomprehensible. Japan admits that the traffic in opium is morally bad, but never explains clearly why she will not stop it. She promises eventually to do so, but she never finds the time ripe for carrying out her promise. She is not definite and decisive, as India is, and therefore incurs suspicion.

This ambiguity in some phases of Japan's foreign policy has seriously hurt her reputation abroad. It encourages foreigners to put a construction upon her conduct which is not really warranted. Deeper students of Japanese diplomacy see nothing mysterious about our dealings. In fact, our country's record is exceedingly clean. Lord Grey has gone out of his way to declare that our conduct at the time of the Boxer troubles and as partners to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was unexceptionable. It is regrettable that we did not handle matters as well in Siberia as we did in China during the Boxer outbreak. Our later mistakes largely explain why our measures in China at the present time are regarded with so much suspicion.

Since Japan has taken an active part in the work of the League of Nations, however, her foreign policy has lost some of its former mystery. Except in respect to the opium trade, our official attitude on international problems has been clear and definite. I do not consider that policy wise in every respect, but it is a policy that reflects the better qualities rather than the worst qualities of our national character. The Chinese are called a nation of traders, and the Japanese a nation of knights — *bushi*. That is cited to justify the statement that a Chinese merchant always keeps his word and a Japanese official always keeps his word, but a Japanese merchant's promise cannot be relied upon. In short, the Japanese Government is not open to the charges of dishonesty that are not infrequently made against the Japanese as individuals.

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Let us now turn to Japan's domestic policies, as influencing the foreign estimate of our national character. Here our faults are more clearly in evidence. A great English historian has counted tolerance among the four fundamental elements of civilization. This is a quality in which we are deficient. Our measures for controlling dangerous thought illustrate this. Such dragooning of the public mind would be inconceivable in Great Britain — at one time I should have said also in the United States. Any pleasant Sunday afternoon you can hear in Hyde Park people holding forth to their hearts' content on Socialism, Communism, the abolition of the monarchy, and so on indefinitely. I was in London during the General Strike, and was deeply impressed by the tolerant way in which the strikers were treated even by those members of the public who were most inconvenienced by their action. The miners' leader, Cook, who would have been promptly clapped into prison, or even executed, in Japan, went about freely in public without any thought of a threat to his life and liberty. We think this too lenient, but that is because we still lack that essential of high civilization — tolerance. The deficiency may not be innate with us, it may be due to a lack of experience and training, but it determines the action of the Government, and creates a bad impression upon foreign observers.

Our official attitude regarding social welfare, the protection of labor, trade-unions, and progressive movements in general, shows that we have yet much to learn regarding liberty and tolerance. A powerful movement for the prevention of cruelty to animals exists in Western countries. It is even urged that organized international propaganda be started along these lines. But in Japan we exhibit curious psychological inconsistencies upon this subject. In certain ways we show great respect for animals, even for dead animals. Geisha girls meet from time to time to hold funeral services for cats sacrificed to make the samisens they play. Memorial services are sometimes held for the souls of dead horses. These ceremonies are quite in keeping with the faith of the Buddhists, who hold that all life is one, and that living beings, whether cats, horses, or even insects, are in a larger concept the brethren of men. One would suppose, therefore, that cruelty to animals would be extremely rare in our country. Nevertheless, while passing through Shiba Park on the way to the University to deliver this lecture, only an hour ago, I saw a horse treated more brutally than I ever saw one treated in Europe during my eight years' sojourn there. Such incidents make foreigners believe that we are at heart a cruel people.

Passing now to private behavior, as explaining certain traits disapproved by foreigners, let me relate a personal experience. When I was returning home last time a European lady on the steamer exclaimed, when we were passing through the Inland Sea, 'What beautiful scenery!' A Japanese student who was standing near her at once said, 'Thank you.' Later, when she pointed to the forests on a certain island as remarkably beautiful, the student bowed again and said, 'Thank you.' I have no doubt that when this lady returned home she related this incident to illustrate the exaggerated pride the Japanese take in their country.

Two or three years ago the bookstores in Berlin were displaying a yellow-covered volume entitled *Die Japanische Pest.* I was so disgusted by the title that for some time I did not buy it. When I saw it in everybody's hands, however, I finally purchased a

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copy. It proved to be a story describing how a Japanese doctor had discovered certain bacteria so deadly that one drop of the culture containing them would exterminate the whole population of a great district. A Japanese army surgeon was supposed to have leased a tract of land in Mexico and to have established a nursery for these bacteria there with a view to using them in an eventual war against the United States. The idea conveyed by the book, of course, was that the Japanese would halt at nothing to promote the interests of their country. Another yellow-covered volume published in Berlin about the same time was entitled *Die Asiaten*. It described how a certain American capitalist had formed a great corporation to buy up all the geisha houses and brothels in Japan and to establish a monopoly there which would attract dissipated men from all parts of the world. As a publicity stunt a traveling beauty show of Japanese courtesans toured Europe and America. The whole tendency of the book was naturally to pillory Japanese morals.

Some years ago a very popular play in America and Europe, which has now happily been discontinued, was *The Typhoon*. Once when I was in New York City it was being given simultaneously in four theatres there. The plot centred around the idea that exaggerated patriotism is characteristic of the Japanese — that they will shrink from nothing to further the interests of their country.

Our people have the reputation of being very polite — so polite, as we have seen, that they must thank a foreigner even for praising the scenery of their country. But this politeness has become so conventional that it differs greatly from what is meant by that word in Europe. There it means the courteous desire to spare people with whom we associate inconvenience and annoyance, to impress them agreeably, and to make them feel at ease. That should be the very essence of all etiquette. Japanese politeness, however, is apt to produce the opposite result. To illustrate by a single example: when visitors call and are shown into a drawing-room, they insist on sitting near the door as a mark of humility, although by so doing they get in the way of other callers and inconvenience the whole company. They prefer to affect humility rather than to make things agreeable for others.

Foreigners are particularly struck by our habit of smiling or laughing without visible reason. 'I have not seen you for a long time, ha-ha!' 'Father died yesterday, ha-ha!' Such indiscriminate and untimely affectation of mirth produces a disagreeable impression upon many people. Here again we probably have an exaggerated effort to seem humble. The speaker is really and sincerely grieved at the death of his father, but he seeks to give the impression that the death of the father of a man of such small importance as himself is of such slight moment that it may be mentioned lightly. Lafcadio Hearn has in one of his volumes a long essay entitled 'The Japanese Smile,' in which he tries — rather unsuccessfully, I think — to elucidate to his foreign readers the various types of smiles in our country.

Again, notwithstanding our reputed politeness, we have a habit of spitting everywhere and of clearing our throats with a loud noise in the presence of company. We also blow our noses violently, and pick our teeth in public. We converse and go about with a toothpick in our mouth. In consulting our own comfort, therefore, we pay little regard to the comfort of others. In Europe only the people of the lowest class spit in the presence of company.

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An English friend of mine who had leased a Japanese house at Shiba, in Tokyo, told me, when I asked him how he liked his new home, that he was awakened every morning by his neighbor's gargling.

One of the oldest and most serious charges brought against the Japanese is that they are dishonest in business. Many people still imagine that our countrymen are so untrustworthy that even our own banks employ only Chinese in responsible positions. This is an exceedingly stubborn superstition. Foreigners will trust our Government, but they place little reliance upon our word as individuals. The reason for this seems to me to be that we Japanese are so anxious to appear polite and amiable that we are inclined to say what we think will please a person, regardless of whether it is true or not.

Some of our national defects are attributable, I think, to our food, clothing, and housing. No other nation is as badly fed as our own; in no other country are food and the necessaries of life so dear. Consequently we are a poorly nourished race, and high-strung nerves and certain peculiarities of temperament are the natural result.

Foreigners also criticize us as awkward and aloof in social intercourse. Many of our people are apparently so formal and ceremonious that they do not know how to break the ice, and cannot establish themselves on a free footing with others. When traveling we imagine that it would be undignified to address the stranger opposite us, and so sit dumb and taciturn throughout a journey. It is unheard of for one of our people to get up and give his seat in a conveyance to another. Yesterday on a tramcar at Kamakura I saw a sturdy student who would not shift his position a particle to make room for an elderly lady with a little child to sit down. His expression was of surly resentment toward the woman. Such things naturally make a most unfavorable impression upon Europeans and Americans.

During my eight years' residence at Geneva one of my duties was to introduce prominent gentlemen from my country to Europeans. But some of these gentlemen, whom I had previously mentioned to my foreign friends as great authorities on such and such subjects, or as otherwise distinguished in my own country, were so awkward in shaking hands and so uncouth and boorish in conversation that they produced a very unpleasant impression. Of course this is all explained by their lack of familiarity with Western etiquette. But it really lies deeper; it is partly a matter of mental attitude. Instead of looking a man in the face when they shook hands with him, they would turn around and glance sideways or stand staring at the feet of their new acquaintance.

These may seem superficial matters, but we must bear in mind that even the trifles of courtesy are extremely important both in private and in international intercourse. As a rule we judge foreigners, both as individuals and collectively as nations, by their manners. Japan as a Government holds a creditable and honorable place among the countries of the world. An English financier recently remarked to me that, of all the governments that have borrowed money in the London market during the last sixty years, Japan and Chile are the only ones that have invariably met their liabilities. We should strive to bring our private conduct and manners up to a level with the conduct of our Government.

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MARYANA, THE COSSACK GIRL[1]

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOI

[THIS hitherto unpublished story has just been discovered in the Tolstoi manuscript collection at Moscow.]

Two companies of Cossacks had just left the Cossack settlement of Staniza to drive the enemy out of the Terek province. Old men, women, children, and girls followed the troops to the edge of the town. The beautiful Cossack maiden Maryana bade farewell to her brother and young Tereshka Urvan, the darling of her heart. Then her companions, bearing empty wine flasks, put their arms around her and escorted her home. The girls sang Cossack songs, and Maryana sang too, though she wanted to cry.

Tereshka's hovel and the little house belonging to Maryana's parents stood next door to each other. Maryana and Tereshka had been in love for a long time, but Maryana's rich father had no use for Tereshka, who was as poor as a church mouse. One evening during the wine-pressing season Maryana was walking over to Tereshka's garden, when he flung his arms around her, pressed her to his breast, kissed her, and said that when he came back from the wars a rich man he would ask her father's permission to marry her.

'Why, then, did he take his leave without saying a word about it?' wondered Maryana. 'When I passed the farewell wine-cup to my brother I turned all red and was afraid that Tereshka would say something. Then, when I handed the cup to Tereshka, he drank it off in a single draught, seized his Cossack's cap, leaped upon his steed, swung his whip, and rode away.'

Maryana looked around once more, but only a cloud of dust could be seen in the distance. She sang the song still louder, and when she and her friends arrived at her house she stopped by her neighbor's gateway. Tereshka's mother leaned over the fence and inquired, 'Did you see him off?'

'Yes, grandmother,' replied Maryana sadly.

'Did his horse gallop away, full of life?'

'Yes; and Tereshka was full of life, too.'

Maryana's mother looked over her neighbor's fence and cried: 'What are you up to in the street? Take off that pretty dress of yours and go out and feed the cow. You're big enough to help your mother.'

Maryana entered the house in silence, went to her room, took off her blouse and her blue stockings, and put on her old shoes, before going out into the yard to drive the cow to its stall. When the cow had been attended to, she put on an old smock, wound a bright kerchief about her head, seated herself on the bank by her front door, and ate sunflower seeds. In silence she contemplated the dark heavens, the far-away snow-capped mountains, and the glistening waters of the river. As twilight fell the shadows deepened.

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Conservative daily), *June 5*

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Clouds drifted across the sky, and from Terek the wind blew chill. Passers-by in the street greeted the silent maiden. At length a big gray-bearded old man with a fowling piece and a hunter's bag containing several partridges stopped in front of Maryana, pulled off his Cossack's hat, and said: 'Well, Maryana, how goes it? Has my godson Tereshka given you a keepsake?'

'Good evening, Uncle Girtshik,' she replied crossly. 'What's your Tereshka to me? I have n't seen him for a long time.'

She turned away, her eyes glistening.

'Aha, sweet maid, you have learned how to love quickly,' cried the old man, laughing. 'Give me a sunflower seed. All day and all night I have been tramping the forest, and here is what I have killed. Give the birds to your mother, and get me a glass of wine.'

'Here, take the sunflower seeds. I'll ask Mother for the wine.'

'Devil take the old witch. Is your father home?'

'Yes, uncle.'

'Then I'll knock.'

He rapped on the window.

'What do you want?' demanded the angry voice of the master of the house, as he opened the window. But when he saw the fat partridges he at once brightened up, and asked, 'How goes it, Uncle Girtshik?'

'Fine, thanks. We followed the Cossacks, and then I went into the woods and shot some game. Tell your old woman this, and she will give me some wine.'

'Wife,' cried the master of the house, as he tried to pull the fattest partridge out of the bag, 'give us a glass of wine.'

'Another already, you old devil?' grumbled the old woman behind the door, before she produced the bread and wine.

The old hunter entered the little house. Maryana arose, still eager to talk to him, but blushed and sauntered out into the square, where boys and girls were standing around laughing. Girtshik was the godfather of her Cossack, Tereshka, and she wanted to talk to the old man and ask if he had given the boy her amulet to take with him as a protection against bullets, but she did not dare to put her question. The hunter strode into the house, crossed himself before the picture of the Virgin, and sat down with the master of the house at the table, on which the lady of the house had put a jug of wine. The old Cossack complained about the hard times, and about the young people, who would not go to church or respect their elders.

'For two years I shall not see my son, for he has gone to war. And my Maryana lords it over me. She will not marry a brave Cossack, the son of the Hetman, though he has been wooing her the last two years. She will have nothing to do with him, and I will not allow her to have your godson.'

Girtshik drank his wine, and said with a laugh: —

'You're a rich man. God has blessed you with fine children — a beautiful daughter and an upstanding son. What are you complaining about? I am an old man; my whole world is my gun and my dog; but I have never in all my life complained. I go into the forest, sing my songs, and say, "As long as man lives he must eat, drink, and take pleasure in love." Woman, bring another glass of wine; and don't grumble. Your son will be promoted to the post of color sergeant. Give Maryana to Tereshka for his wife. He is very poor, but when I die he will inherit my house, and then he will be rich. So pour out another.'

Maryana's father did not reply, but looked gloomily in front of him. Girtshik slung his flintlock over his shoulder

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and went out. He whistled to his dog, and loudly sang a song.

The Cossack girls stood at street corners flirting with the boys, and among them was the Hetman's son, but Maryana did not see him in his silver-embroidered hat.

'Uncle Girtshik,' cried the girls as the old hunter went by, 'have you lost your caftan? Have you kissed your dog?'

The old hunter laughed, and said to the girls: 'Getting bored without your Cossacks, young ladies?'

The Hetman's son felt insulted because Girtshik did not consider him a real Cossack. He pulled up a bunch of nettles, planted it on Girtshik's cap, and said: 'Look, girls — Uncle Girtshik has a forest on his head, like the antlers of a stag.'

The girls laughed. Maryana went up to the Hetman's son and said: 'Cut out these jokes, you lunkhead. Don't make fun of the old man.'

But since the Hetman's son would give Girtshik no peace, Maryana hit him on the chest, and then pushed him so hard from the side that he fell on the ground.

'That was splendid, Maryana,' said Girtshik. 'If I were Tereshka I would love you more than ever. I would come back from camp to see you. Yes, girls, there are no longer any Cossacks such as we had in the old days.'

He shook his head and surveyed the Hetman's son. 'Marry me,' said one of the girls, laughing.

'Tell us how you came back from camp to see your girl,' begged another.

'Tell us why your wife disappeared,' cried a third.

'How did I love my girl?' said the old man reflectively. 'Young ladies, as no Cossack will love you to-day. When I felt lonely for her in camp I would saddle my horse and ride home while the other Cossacks were sleeping. I would creep past the sentries as if I were leading my animal to drink. A gulp of water, and away we flew. Then when I came to my native village I would go to my dear little girl, knock on her window, and say: "Sweetheart! Darling! Get up. I am here." She would leap out of bed, run barefoot to the window, and in the dark house would find something to eat and drink. Then we ate, drank, kissed each other, and forgot all about death. How my Mashenka could kiss!'

He threw his arms around Maryana and showed how he once kissed his girl. Maryana gently pushed him away, thinking: 'Perhaps my sweetheart will visit me, too. Perhaps he will ride back from camp and knock at my window, saying, "Dearest, I am here."'

Maryana's mother appeared on the threshold and called to her. She took leave of her friends and went back home. After the evening meal Maryana went to bed, but she could not sleep. The moon shone into her room through the window. Worry made her restless. She got up, looked out the door, and listened to hear whether anyone was knocking. Then she went back to bed, said her prayers, and gradually fell asleep.

Life in the Cossack town flowed on without Cossacks. Maryana helped her mother with the housework; but at night she could not sleep, and her friend, the cheerful Stepa, had to stay by her side. Often Maryana went to see her sweetheart's mother, and she talked with her about Tereshka. On Sunday she would go to church, and spend all the rest of the day sitting on the bank in front of her house. But her eyes were on the steppe beyond Terek, with her darling, the Cossack of her heart.

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DREAMS AND IMMORTALITY[1]

A CONVERSATION WITH GERHART HAUPTMANN

BY JOSEF CHAPIRO

ONE night at dinner, a recent suicide having called up the subject of death, I asked Hauptmann: 'Do you believe in an existence in the Beyond — to use the popular expression?'

'Possible, very possible; although I can't easily explain it. I conclude, however, that there is a life beyond because I am firmly convinced that we have had previous existences before we are called to our present life. Is n't that a general feeling? Has n't it often occurred to you that you have already experienced, felt, desired, seen, thought, in some previous existence what you are experiencing, feeling, desiring, thinking, or seeing in your present life? You can't tell exactly when that was, though your mind gropes for a clue. Convinced as I am, moreover, that nothing can come from nothing, I believe that every fancy, every dream, every unreality, was once a reality, and that even our most fanciful imaginings must have behind them some solid antecedent of actuality. There is no such thing as an artist *in abstracto*. A person who tries to create anything out of pure abstractions can never be a true poet, painter, or musician. But I do not include among abstractions a vision that suddenly flashes into the mind. Such a vision surely expresses something real, some fact of experience, something that once was clothed in flesh and blood, and that the artist suddenly glimpses and calls back to life. I feel so certain of this that I do not believe that any true artist is free in his creative work. He does not originate his characters and forms; they already exist within him before he sets about his task. I am convinced that what I may call a preëstablished harmony exists, and that no true artist would ever venture to introduce a discord into this original harmony, which is interwoven with his whole sensitive being.'

I was called away by a telephone message, and when I came back conversation at the table had drifted to another theme. Wishing to resume the subject, I said: 'I know poets, however, of high reputation who undoubtedly possess the gift of vision, and are compelled to write by the dreams that people their brains. They are artists, keenly sensitive of the preestablished harmony, as you call it, which they bear within them. Yet I personally know a case where such a poet radically revised a completed work — a drama — because the producer urged him to do so.'

'Then I don't know,' answered Hauptmann, 'what you mean by a real poet and by preëstablished harmony. Personally, I believe absolutely that if we change even the slightest shading of what our inner vision reveals to us we can no longer paint the same picture that we originally conceived. Please

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *June* 5, 19

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understand that I do not contend that we cannot give a thing a different form. But the original harmony must be preserved; the original composition, which in final analysis makes a creation a work of art, must not be changed. You may compose a thousand variations upon the same motif, but the fundamental melody remains the same. If you are speaking of variations of that kind, I understand you. But if some outside party were to tell me that I must give a drama that I had written quite a different ending, — that is, a different solution, and thus an entirely new harmony, — he could never make me do it; for I should feel that the treatment was false, that it was untrue to my conception, that I had never experienced and felt the situation in that way. Anyone who can do such a thing as that ceases to be a poet. Poetry is the expression of an inner necessity. A writer who is untrue to that is never a poet.'

'But how about X?' I said. 'I personally saw him change the end of a piece, and therefore the whole solution of a dramatic plot, because his producer, Y, told him that the piece would go better that way. Would you say, then, that he was not a poet?'

'Yes and no. In that particular case, decidedly no. Why have we such unutterable contempt for writers who merely flatter the mob? Because they are no longer honorable men, loyal to their art; because true poetry is a faithful, honest, conscientious representation of our inner vision, a record of the music of our souls. If, then, a poet has written a drama, and a theatrical specialist advises him to modify its form here and there without changing its essential content, in order to accommodate the piece better to the exigencies of the stage, the dramatist should welcome that advice. But if a poet is asked to change the content, the original motif, of his work, and he complies, he no longer reproduces his vision, but is trying to copy another man's conception; and we can never faithfully portray the visions that we have not ourselves beheld.'

Turning to the distinguished physician who was the third person at our table, I begged his pardon for thus monopolizing the conversation. 'It interests me extremely,' I said, 'for none of our poets has identified dreams with reality and reality with dreams so successfully as Hauptmann. Georg Brandes pointed out many years ago that Flaubert was the first European poet who ventured to write a dramatic romance confined to a single night, with all the hallucinations, all the dreams, and all the visions of Saint Anthony. I consider Gerhart Hauptmann's *Hanneles Himmelfahrt* still more extraordinary. He was the first one to produce, in a form that could be successfully presented upon the stage, a drama in which dreaming plays a more important rôle than reality, in which there is no perceptible transition from reality to dreaming, where everything is true to nature, and where all the incidents are packed into a much shorter time than in Flaubert's romance. Now I want to ask Hauptmann just one more question: May there not be true poetry in portraying, in place of our own visions, a vision suggested from without? Have n't you yourself on occasion' — and I turned to the poet — 'been governed in your writing by the conceptions or experiences of another? For example, was n't your *Elga* suggested by Grillparzer's novel, *The Cloister of Sendomir?* Was n't *Kollege Crampton* written under the influence of Molière's *Avare?* And, last of all, is n't every great historical poem or drama, whether of Shakespeare, Corneille, Schiller, or the Greek tragedians, inspired by history?'

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'You are perfectly right,' replied Hauptmann. 'There is nothing greater in literature than such dramatic poems as *King Richard* and *Wilhelm Tell*, or than the tragedies of Euripides and Sophocles. Characters transmitted to us by tradition or legend may be great, but only under the condition that the poet conceives them as part of his most intimate experience. Don't you suppose that Schiller felt himself as Wilhelm Tell, as Karl Moor, as Maria Stuart? And do you imagine that if we really know history, — not as taught in the schools, but with all its intimate interconnections and psychological refinements, — that if we have reflected deeply upon the past and have immersed ourselves in its spirit, we can conceive it as anything else than our own experience; and that the fate of men whom we have never met in the body, but with whom we have thus established a kinship of soul, — men who may have lived thousands of years ago, — does not come closer to us and appeal more directly to our interest and sympathy than the fate of our next-door neighbor? Thus we may feel pity for Napoleon, though perfectly well aware that he died long ago. Indeed, it is possible to be so haunted by the vision of dramatic historical incidents that we cannot shake them off, although centuries have elapsed since they occurred and the characters involved in them trod the solid earth. And the contemporary world, the books we read, the galleries we visit, the music we hear — do these not become part of a poet's very being? Thoughts and feelings stir in our soul that existed there before, that in some way were experienced in the past, but that, reflected in our own being, take their coloring and their contours from ourselves, and become part of our most intimate personal experience. To this experience, from which every real work of art springs, the true poet will invariably be faithful. If he is false to it, he ceases to be a poet, and his work is no longer a work of art, but a forgery. A poet possesses in an incomparably higher degree than the average man a capacity for assimilating ideas and images from others. Unconsciously, by some mysterious alchemy, they become part of his own being.

'A few days ago you quoted a saying of Pascal's, to the effect that we all play with the same rubber ball; the important thing is *how* we play with it. Is n't it the same with the material of a poem? For the artist everything is immediately present, and everything is poetical material. This quality of being immediately present in art extends to all times and ages. Pharaoh's tomb, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the cathedral builders of the Middle Ages, and the people of to-day are equally substantial, vivid, tangible, and present to the poet. Possibly that is the most precious and the most exalted quality he possesses — his ability to feel himself the contemporary of the greatest characters of all ages. To come down to the very essence of things, is Plato truly older than Dante, or Dante than Shakespeare, or Shakespeare than Goethe and Beethoven, or either of the last two than Tolstoi? Here we face the problem of immortality in its loftiest sense.'

I asked Gerhart Hauptmann: 'Do you, who rarely refer to God, but who have written somewhere that we can attain God through culture, believe that the soul is immortal?'

'Why should n't I believe that the soul is immortal? What has that idea to do with God? God, as we ordinarily conceive Him, is a product of education. I firmly believe that we can attain wonders by education. Art, God, religion, our attitude toward nature, are the fruits of culture — and, indeed,

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they measure culture, both its breadth and its depth. Immortality of the soul, eternal life, can be assumed on strictly scientific grounds.'

'We learned back in our schooldays that every organ has a definite function, and that the possession of a faculty inevitably implies the existence of conditions that permit the exercise of that faculty. The fins of a fossil fish that lived a million years ago are proof positive that there was water on the earth at that time. The presence of eyes proves that there was light; the existence of lungs, that there was air. If we examine the skeleton of a primitive man who lived countless ages ago, it tells us indubitably that his feet trod solid ground, that his eyes received images through the medium of light, that his lungs inhaled air — in other words, it shows us that the world was in respect to all these essentials the same in his day that it is in our own. For precisely the same reason, I believe our yearning and striving toward immortality signify the reality of the immortality we seek.

'Proceeding from this principle of equilibrium in nature, — that is, from the assumption that everything that exists is necessarily associated with some reciprocal or counterbalancing thing or condition, — we must admit that the fact that man has striven toward immortality since the very beginning of his conscious being, that human life is a constant quest for immortality, that immortality is the fundamental element of religion and of poetry, constitutes a proof that immortality is a conditioning factor of our being. I possess a faculty, whose seat I cannot point out but whose presence I immediately apprehend, which functions only through the medium of immortality.

'A certain spiritual ebb and flow within us reveals the existence in unexplored regions of another world so remote that it seems as tiny as the moon. The ocean's alternating tides demonstrate to us that the moon is itself a mighty sphere powerful enough to draw toward it all the water on the globe, and that, if there is water on other planets, that too obeys the same law of ebb and flow. Similarly do our souls rise toward the concept of immortality. That idea quickens them, inspires them to great deeds, nerves them to endure suffering and sacrifice. Are they not influenced in these cases by a power analogous to the great forces of nature? Why then should we, if we believe in the positive sciences, not conclude also that this mighty spiritual urge toward immortality is proof positive that immortality is real?

'This is no play of fancy; it is but the logical deduction from all that we are taught by science of the laws of nature.

'Now let me expand that conclusion somewhat. I will make a concession here to those arid and withered souls who have faith only in dry formulas learned by rote, which they are incapable of applying to life itself. I will not urge such souls to believe that positive science irrefutably affirms immortality. But they do believe in progress. All seekers, investigators, writers, believe in progress — believe in the conquests of the human intellect; otherwise they would cease their creative work. They must therefore believe in the gradual ascent of life. I believe in progress; and I declare, quite independently of science, that immortality, even though it were not inevitable, even though it had not existed from the very beginning, would necessarily result from the striving and yearning of humanity toward it through millions of years. Millions of years are lost to human memory; our records go back scarcely three or four millenniums. Language

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appeared, then writing, then the art of printing, and human thought became immortal without our consciously aiming to make it so.

'What! You admit that the monkey was able to perfect his fore-limbs until he had created a serviceable hand. You believe that this monkey in a moment of mad dreaming became a man, just as a man may dream of becoming a god. You readily admit that the gigantic monsters that once peopled the earth, and that as the result of subsequent geological and climatic changes were forced to accommodate themselves to a new environment, became smaller; the mammoth shrank to an elephant. I am told that an animal subjected to an entirely new environment may gradually adapt an organ no longer suitable to its changed conditions to perform a different function. Now, if all this is possible, might not an eternal yearning and striving for immortality, although such immortality did not previously exist, gradually fructify in eternal life? . . .

'To go back to where I began, I believe in the immortality of the soul because I believe our souls existed before our present lives. Consequently I assume that our present lives represent only one stage in our development. After the analogy of certain insects which pass through different transformations in the course of their short existence, the immortality of the soul is demonstrated to me by my conviction that we lived before we were imprisoned in our present bodies. Dreams and visions entirely alien to our existing incarnation are, as I said at first, merely memories of a previous existence. If you dispute that, let me ask you whether you remember every trivial, or even more or less important, incident that occurred many years ago. Could you repeat even the next day everything you thought, experienced, and did on the day before? Are we not often puzzled to recall where we were or what we were doing even a few hours previously? Is it strange, then, that only certain pivotal experiences of an earlier existence vaguely rise in our memories in the form of visions which seem to have no relation whatever with our actual existence?'

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BUSINESS ABROAD

Longer and Lower Tariff Walls

At its last Geneva meeting the League Council decided to summon an International Conference to consider the abolition of import and export restrictions recommended a few weeks previously by the International Economic Conference which met at the same city. Germany, Austria, and Belgium have already declared officially that they are ready to take such action. This does not mean necessarily a lowering of duties, but that, it is hoped, will logically follow the removal of other artificial obstacles to international trade. According to the *Nation and Athenæum*, Sir Austen Chamberlain threw cold water upon the original suggestion presented by Dr. Stresemann, and enthusiastically backed by the representatives of Belgium, Holland, Rumania, Japan, Poland, Chile, and Czechoslovakia, that the Council also invite the governments of member countries to give their close attention and active support to the recommendations of the Conference for removing such trade restraints, and by his hostile attitude secured the elimination of the words 'active support' from the resolution. This provoked the editor to say: 'We knew of course that he [the Foreign Minister] was a Protectionist and the spokesman of a Protectionist government, but we have always understood that the British Protectionists were firm believers in reciprocal free trade.' Sir Alfred Mond is agitating in Great Britain for an approach toward an Imperial tariff with something resembling free trade between the mother country and her dominions and colonies. He reports that on a recent trip to the Continent, where he had discussed the subject with leading business men and economists, he found the necessity of forming an Economic Union of Europe, in order that the Continental nations may join forces in the battle for world industrial supremacy, everywhere recognized. This suggested his proposal for an Imperial Economic Union. In support of it he cited the example of the United States, which with an area and a population only one quarter those of the British Empire is rapidly winning primacy in world economy. The Empire's position, he said, was unique in respect to both its manufactured products and its command, and indeed virtual monopoly, of many raw materials. The Empire produces twenty-seven per cent of the world's wheat, sixty-six per cent of its rice, fifty-three per cent of its cattle, fifty-one per cent of its sheep, sixty-nine per cent of its gold, forty-two per cent of its tin, thirty per cent of its zinc, twenty-three per cent of its lead, seventy-seven per cent of its wool, and sixty-six per cent of its rubber, to say nothing of important fractions of other raw materials and foodstuffs. Hence he concluded, 'The obvious ideal is Imperial Free Trade, free exchange without let or hindrance of all products of the Empire within the Empire, so that each part of the Empire shall produce that which it can produce best and cheapest and get the highest benefit in that way through the most economical production and exchange of goods.'

The Austrian section of the International Chamber of Commerce has compiled the following table showing

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the ad valorem percentages of the customs duties on a selected list of articles levied by the different countries of Central Europe:—

	Czechoslovakia	Germany	Russia	Austria	Poland	Rumania	Hungary
Agricultural products ..	34.1	26.9	48.3	16.6	27.5	29.3	32.1
Textiles	28.6	24.0	29.9	14.6	49.6	294.3	29.8
Leather	20.9	13.5	33.7	10.3	34.5	25.7	27.5
Timber.....	20.3	13.2	44.7	10.9	38.6	21.5	21.0
Paper.....	31.9	19.4	32.7	16.1	63.1	47.6	26.5
Glass	31.5	51.1	53.3	18.2	70.2	46.8	38.6
Iron.....	53.3	16.9	41.1	30.8	56.3	39.6	49.2
Machinery...	46.2	10.9	22.8	25.6	41.6	22.9	33.0

London Financial Items

London has suffered from financial stringency since the middle of June. With the rise of money rates on the Continent, foreign creditors drew heavily upon their London balances. The Bank of England, moreover, was unable to obtain any part of the gold available on the open market, the flow being outward both to the Continent and to South America. In May Great Britain's pig iron and steel output, which has been rising rapidly since the coal strike, began to decline, and fewer furnaces were in operation in June than two months previously. Imports of iron and steel were also lower, however, and for the first time since May 1926 were less than exports. Increased taxes upon tobacco have caused a fall in tobacco shares, which paid remarkably high dividends last year. The shrinkage has been from twenty to forty points in different companies, and has been general except for British American and Carreras, both of which command large export markets. An extraordinary rise of British Celanese shares caused a June sensation of the London Stock Exchange. This company, which like the American corporation of the same name makes a variety of artificial silk, has been in the limelight on account of the struggle of two opposing groups to control it. Shortly after the annual meeting its shares, which have a par value of ten shillings and have sold as low as seven shillings and threepence this year, soared above thirty-five shillings. The *Economist* points out that while the actual production of artificial-silk yarn in Great Britain is only one and one-half per cent of the production of cotton yarn, the margin between the cost of imported raw materials and the selling price is so much greater that the profit which the country derives from the industry is far larger than this percentage indicates. In fact, the manufacturing margin on artificial silk is over one dollar and forty cents a pound, while that on cotton is less than fifteen cents. Rubber shares, which had been sagging in sympathy with the falling price of raw rubber, have also rebounded, upon Mr. Amory's statement in the House of Commons that the Government does not contemplate abolishing the Stevenson Scheme for restricting plantation output. The chairman of the British Rubber Growers' Association denied, in commenting upon this decision, that the Scheme was aimed at America. 'It is not a case of our Government trying to make foreigners pay more for the rubber produced in our colonies than our own manufacturers pay. It is true, however, that we are the chief producers of raw rubber and the United States is the main consumer of it. That being so, America has a huge bill to pay us for rubber, and the settlement of the account has been an all-important factor in the English-American exchange and in the return to gold.' When we referred in a recent issue to the high profits of certain London department stores, particularly Selfridge and Company, we did not have at hand the reports of other companies, which

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show that, while one or two of the larger establishments made progress in 1926, the earnings of a majority fell off in sympathy with the lowered purchasing power of the community. Several reduced their reserves, and the net profit of Whiteley's, which has since been taken over by Selfridge, fell from seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars the previous year to three hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. The unsatisfactory condition of the world metal market, which has caused concern of late in German metallurgical centres, and been the occasion of sensational failure at Vienna, is the burden of discussion in the last report of the chairman of the British Zinc Corporation, Ltd. The production of lead and zinc in particular exceeded consumption in 1926, due principally to large increases in the outputs of the United States, Canada, and Mexico, and resulted in a shrinkage of nearly one fifth of the gross profits of the Corporation for 1926 as compared with those for the previous year.

Business in France

Some idea of the resentment which many Englishmen feel toward Poincaré on account of his insistence upon confining the franc to its present level may be gathered from a letter in the *Morning Post*, pointing out that when France was in greatest need during the war British investors subscribed three hundred and twenty-five million dollars, in round numbers, for French loans, issued 'with the approval and consent of the British Government.' To-day, with the franc pegged under four cents, 'the unfortunate British upholder of France's credit receives for every one hundred pounds of cash which he poured into her coffers the sum of twenty shillings in interest [that is, one per cent] if he holds five-per-cent rents, or sixteen shillings if he holds four-per-cents, with the cheering prospect of losing four fifths of his capital should the franc be permanently pegged at its present level.' The refusal of the Chamber of Deputies to approve the sale of the match monopoly, the heavy Communist vote at recent by-elections, and the foreign alarms raised by Britain's break with Russia, Yugoslavia's break with Albania, and troubles in China, have caused a considerable shrinkage of values on the Paris Bourse. The Comité des Forges, while reporting marked increases in iron and steel production last year, when France's output of pigs approached nine and one-half million tons and of ingots eight and one-half million tons, pulls a long face before the public. This increased output is attributed entirely to an artificial stimulation of the domestic and foreign market by inflation. France exported nearly four million tons of iron and steel in the form of finished and partly finished products, and more than one million tons in the form of industrial machinery — in other words, well over half the metal she produced. Consequently her ironmasters want, not only absolute protection from foreign competition at home, but premiums and other public encouragements to keep these foreign shipments at or above their recent level. When the Government proposed to use German rails, received in Reparations payment, upon a new railway in Madagascar, French ironmasters protested vehemently that the orders should go to domestic producers, and appealed to the International Rail Cartel agreement, which gives the steel mills of each member country an absolute monopoly of their home market, including colonies. This plea provoked lively protest from other quarters in France. It was pointed out that the continuance of the Dawes payments from Germany is more or less contingent upon France's ability to absorb German goods; that German op-

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position to the Dawes scheme might be attenuated by interesting an increasing number of German manufacturers in such deliveries as those in question; and that the French colonies are languishing for want of development which France cannot undertake for lack of capital. Contrary to common opinion, France's new tariff will not raise duties above those of other countries; in fact, its total effect in many cases will be to lower them. For example, rates upon pig iron, rolled steel, woolens, cotton fabrics, automobiles, rubber goods, dressed skins, and other important articles and commodities, are made lower than they are in Germany, the United States, and other competing countries. In order to forestall the effect of possible currency fluctuation in the future, the Government will be permitted under the new law to readjust duties every three months if the index numbers or average wholesale prices of goods show a variation of twenty per cent or more.

Germany's Stock-Taking

German financiers have emerged in a chastened mood from last spring's Stock Exchange panic, and a somewhat recriminatory spirit is observable in much business comment from that country. Nevertheless, the banks withstood the shock valiantly, and losses were settled without protracted difficulty. Mr. Gilbert Parker's last report as Reparations Agent appeared just when this spirit of self-examination was most active, and its courteous but searching criticisms of both banking and budgetary policy have been taken in good part. They extend beyond the domain of a cursory review like this, but suggest a parallel, if it is not pressed too far, between the action of the Reichsbank in depositing the proceeds of the last half-billion-mark domestic loan in big semiprivate banks, where they inflated credit and encouraged speculation, and the experience of America after President Jackson withdrew our Government's deposits from the Bank of the United States and distributed them promiscuously to other institutions, thus starting the easy-money era that culminated in the panic of 1837. Germany's excess of imports continues, reaching a record in May, when it amounted to nearly twelve hundred million marks, the highest since February 1925, and left the country with a debit balance for the month of three hundred and thirty-nine million marks. German manufacturers, especially in the heavy industries, complain that conditions are becoming as bad as they were during the worst disorders of the currency, and have grown clamorous over unremunerative prices, excessive taxes, impending unemployment, and the like. An epidemic of strikes has broken out in the metal industries; and these complaints are at least partly inspired by fear of wage increases and a shortened working day. Statistics show, moreover, that prices of many staple commodities and manufactures are higher in Germany, relatively to wages paid, than they are in America. A wide divergence exists between German home and export prices of iron and steel and their half-finished products. For example, the official wholesale price of steel ingots is one hundred marks per metric ton to domestic consumers and seventy-seven marks to foreign buyers. Wire rods command one hundred and forty marks a ton at home and are sold abroad for one hundred and fifteen marks. Corresponding prices for steel plates are one hundred and forty-nine marks and one hundred and twenty-two marks. On the other hand, French furnacemen complain because German coke costs them considerably more than it does their competitors in the Ruhr. Unem-

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ployment continues to fall, and prices show a tendency to rise. The increase from five to six per cent in the Reichsbank discount rate, which is the first rise since currency stabilization three and one-half years ago, is expected to turn the flow of foreign capital, which has been out of Germany of late, back toward the country, and to give a new tonic to business. Germany still needs capital to finance her industrial revival. She cannot expect the present year a repetition of such favorable monetary conditions as those resulting in 1926 from the boom in coal exports during the British strike and the expansion of bank credit that accompanied it. Luft-Hansa, Germany's big aerial trust, is already on a profitable commercial basis. Last year its receipts were just under seven million marks, while its operating costs were less than one fifth that sum. No dividend was declared, however, and the surplus of more than five and one-half million marks was turned back into the business.

Peripheral Countries

A recent loan to Esthonia, the major portion of which was floated in New York and London, calls attention to the fact that the smallest of the new Baltic states is also industrially the most highly developed. Her manufactures include paper, textiles, cement, and veneers. Her factories and mills are modern, and their products account for two fifths of the country's exports. International barter on a rather large scale is indicated by a reported agreement between the Czechoslovak Tobacco Monopoly and the Bulgarian authorities to purchase some three million pounds of Bulgarian tobacco in return for agricultural machinery, principally motor ploughs, to be delivered by Czech manufacturers to the Ministry of Agriculture at Sofia. According to the Moscow papers, the new Baku-Batum Pipe Line, involving nearly two hundred miles of new construction, will be built with American capital, presumably advanced by the Standard Oil Company. When the severance of relations with Great Britain forced the abrupt liquidation of the All-Russian Naphtha Syndicate's business in that country, thus depriving it of about one third its foreign market, the Soviet authorities took immediate measures to increase their sales in other countries, particularly Germany, France, and Italy, through establishing so-called 'mixed companies,' in which the Syndicate holds an interest, for distributing its product. Almost simultaneously the Rumanian Government reduced its export tax on petroleum from over four dollars to about thirty cents a ton. It also radically lowered transportation charges on this commodity. While several of the Rumanian companies have made but moderate profits last year, some have proved bonanzas for their owners. Credit Minier, for example, netted more than eighty per cent upon its capital, and paid a dividend of fifty per cent to its shareholders. On the other hand, the Shells Rumanian wells earned only four per cent. The latter Company is prospering, however, in other parts of the world, and was able to pay from net profits a 23.5 per cent dividend last year.

Mussolini has pronounced in favor of holding the lira at its present level of about five and one-half cents 'during the period sufficient and necessary to permit wages and prices to adapt themselves to it.' This is interpreted to mean that he intends to push the exchange value of the lira still higher as soon as industry and trade can stand the strain. During the first three months of 1927 Italy's exports diminished by more than eighty million lire, but as her imports decreased by over

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four hundred and thirty-six million lire her adverse commercial balance was considerably reduced. The Spanish Directory has issued a decree-law looking toward the nationalization of foreign firms domiciled and doing business in the country. It requires such firms to become Spanish corporations, with the majority of their directors Spaniards, and their supervising and technical staffs composed mainly of Spanish subjects. Stock control must remain in the country, the value of shares and securities must be stated in Spanish money, and all coupon and dividend payments must be in the same currency.

India, like England, is in the midst of a coal crisis, and the President of the India Mining Federation recently declared that so far as Bengal was concerned the trade was 'in an abyss of despair and disillusionment.' One great trouble with the local mines has been a decline in railway purchases due to electrification, the substitution of oil-burning locomotives, and the opening of mines owned and operated by the Companies.

Far East

The last annual meeting of the Hongkong Chamber of Commerce was held under more cheerful auspices than a year ago, for, although the tonnage entering the port in 1926 was one fourth less than usual, business is looking up this year and shipments to Canton have increased heavily since Chiang Kai-shek drove out the Communists and broke the power of the labor unions. For a time foreign trade was practically paralyzed along the Yangtze by the action of the Hankow Government which sealed the vaults of all the Chinese banks in the city, thus limiting the money in circulation to notes of its own financial institution, the Central Bank of China. Since importers refused to accept these notes, the natives had no medium with which to pay for foreign merchandise. The local Government's excuse for sealing the vaults of the banks was that the city was being drained of silver by outside interests who were alarmed by the growth of Communism and labor agitation in Central China. At last reports, however, more normal conditions have been restored along China's great central waterway, and foreign trade is picking up again. According to returns prepared by the Sino-Japanese Business Men's Association, Japan's private investments in China represent about two hundred and sixty million dollars in American currency, of which nearly one half is in cotton mills. Her investments in Manchuria are well toward three times that amount, and nearly one half of them are represented by 'bank advances.' Just what the latter term means is somewhat ambiguous, because Japanese banking methods are different from those which prevail in America. High interest is paid on deposits, — as is the custom in all Oriental banks, — and this necessitates a high return from the funds at the disposal of these institutions. Naturally this encourages speculative investment. No restriction is placed upon the proportion of a bank's funds which may be advanced to a single client. A larger proportion of assets is invested in immovable property than would be regarded good business practice in the West, and the connection between banking and industrial promotion is very close.

Last year the city of Tokyo ran up a deficit of three million dollars American currency. That city's debt is now about one hundred and fifteen dollars per capita, or nearly double that of Osaka, the great industrial centre of the Empire. Notwithstanding Japan's hard times, her electric-power development continues without interruption. The

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Nippon-Denryoku Power Company, which supplies Osaka, Kobe, Tokyo, and other large cities, with current for lighting and power purposes, has just installed a new forty-thousand-kilowatt unit, manufactured by a British firm, bringing its total generating capacity up to one hundred and forty thousand kilowatts.

South of the Rio Grande

In his annual report to the shareholders of the Mexican Railway Company, Ltd., a British corporation which owns and operates the line from Vera Cruz to the capital, the chairman, in discussing a reduction in force of nearly seven hundred men, observed: 'I should add, in justice to the Mexican Government, which is often and somewhat loosely accused of invariably taking the side of labor against capital, that the negotiations were conducted with the full knowledge of the Department of Labor, and the conclusion was arrived at with the full approval of the same department.' This Company is rapidly completing electrification upon the heavy grades ascending from the coastal plain to the central plateau. Brazil's last presidential message stressed the economic havoc wrought in that country by the fluctuation of the currency. Bankers made loans when the milreis was over twenty cents which were repaid when it was worth but ten cents. The farmer planted and reaped, and the manufacturer spun and wove, when the milreis was worth eight cents, but by the time their products reached market the milreis was worth sixteen cents and their nominal return hardly exceeded one half their costs of production in local currency. The Argentine press, which has complained a good deal of late over the restrictions our Government places upon our importations from Argentino, has now taken up the cudgels against Brazil and Chile. The latter country has recently imposed a prohibitive tariff upon Argentine live stock. During 1926 Argentina's excess of imports over exports exceeded thirty million dollars gold, as compared with nine million dollars the previous year. Her farmers complain that wages are so high and prices so low that it is cheaper for them to turn their cattle into their crops than to harvest them. Another difficulty is the scarcity of rolling stock, which makes it almost impossible to get produce to market promptly. The Antofagasta and Bolivia Railway Company, a British corporation whose lines serve the nitrate fields and copper mines of Northern Chile and the whole Bolivian highland, is making a fair profit, and after paying all fixed charges last year was able to declare a dividend of seven per cent on its common stock and to carry an increased balance forward out of earnings.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

Emil Ludwig in Paris

WHEN Emil Ludwig (né Cohen) passed through Paris on his way to London he was subjected to the customary interview with Frédéric Lefèvre, editor of *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* — for it is no longer possible for the visiting firemen of the literary world to escape from Paris without unburdening themselves to that versatile and brilliant journalist. As usual, the colloquy flashed several interesting side lights on the victim's personal life, and called forth abundant commentaries on the lives and activities of others.

Emil Ludwig was born in Breslau in 1881. His father was a celebrated ophthalmologist, and his grandfather a big iron and steel man from Upper Silesia. His father's scientific work in behalf of public health caused the young man to take up the study of social welfare, but even the acquisition of a Doctorate of Jurisprudence could not kill his interest in literature. Between the ages of twenty and thirty he wrote twelve plays, one of them about Napoleon, and in 1911 he first made the acquaintance of Bismarck's letters. This was the turning point of his career. He took the Iron Chancellor's prose style as his model, and dropped poetry, which was all he had written up to that time. Also, he perceived from Bismarck's correspondence the desirability of knowing great men at first hand and not through a third person. In the case of Bismarck, he felt that the man-of-iron myth was all wrong. For his part, he detected a harried and nervous spirit, a veritable Shakespearean character.

Shortly before the war Ludwig visited England — a country that he evidently prefers to France, especially now that he is so widely read there and has been favorably compared to Carlyle. During the war, when acting as newspaper correspondent in the various capitals of the countries allied to Germany, he frequently aroused the anger of the Nationalists, and since the Armistice he has supported the League of Nations. After the Life of the Kaiser had sold thirty thousand copies, author and publisher agreed that when it had passed sixty thousand they would forgo all profit and reduce the price of the book to bare cost. It is now in its second hundred-thousand, and has probably done more to destroy Hohenzollern prestige than any other single publication.

When M. Lefèvre asked about Keyserling, Ludwig replied: 'During the last three years he has lost all his importance. He is now devoid of value, influence, and discipline. His talent was probably destroyed by his vanity, and by the foundation of his School of Wisdom at Darmstadt — a veritable philosophical hodgepodge. I repeat that he has become utterly ridiculous.'

In Herr Ludwig's opinion Hauptmann is by all odds the outstanding German writer now living. Wassermann he regards as the best novelist; and he prefers Heinrich Mann to his older brother, Thomas, whom he describes as 'an uninfluential middle-class novelist,' while the younger man is the intellectual leader of the youth of the country. Ernst Curtius, the critic, is much more of an aristocrat than the other writers, and no admirer of Lud-

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wig's work. But Nietzsche was the spiritual grandfather of them all.

M. Lefèvre must have been dismayed to hear that modern French literature enjoys little or no prestige in Germany. Proust lacks 'push,' — here Ludwig used the English word, — and the others are unheard of. Shaw and Wells enjoy the greatest following of any foreign authors, though Ludwig himself only reads Plutarch, Nietzsche, and Balzac. He purposely avoids most historical works because he always believes in going to the original and getting a first-hand impression there. With a thorough Continental education behind him, he does not lack — as all too many Americans and English do — what is known as 'background.'

English As She Is Spoke

ONE of the more absurd cultural efforts of the summer has been the convention of the International Council for English which took place in London and endeavored to constitute itself a court of final appeal for correct speech. 'The gathering,' says the naïvely humorous *Daily Telegraph*, 'was fully representative of men of letters on both sides of the Atlantic, and the Earl of Balfour, who was to have presided, sent a warm message of approval of the objects of the new body.' It is clear that there are some occasions which even an apostle of philosophic doubt feels convinced will be boring. Nor was the skeptical philosopher mistaken. Mr. Robert Underwood, as the *Daily Telegraph* tersely calls Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, presided, but at the very outset Bernard Shaw nearly wrecked the meeting by demanding that an executive committee 'coöpt' other members.

'Now that is interesting,' remarked Mr. Johnson. 'That word "coöpt" is a word I never heard in my life before. I have heard of "coöperate."' To this Mr. Shaw replied: 'I hope it is clear to the American gentlemen present that "coöpt" means that the committee itself would select and appoint additional members.'

'Oh, I see,' cried Mr. Johnson — and the meeting continued to devise methods for improving and standardizing the English language as it is spoken in Great Britain, the Dominions, and unregenerate America. Henry S. Canby, editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, went so far as to suggest that the general council of the proposed body should 'consist of distinguished people who, as we say in America, "know their stuff."' To which Mr. Bernard Shaw replied: 'In other words, distinguished deadheads.'

Here some unlucky delegate complained that he could not hear what was going on. The learned chairman promptly took the opportunity to inquire whether the 'acoostics' or the 'acowstics' were bad. An Englishman properly and politely remarked that 'acoostics' was 'better'; but an American delegate piped up in favor of 'acowstics.' Since the suggestion was not forthcoming that charity begins at home, the convention continued to discuss how well-bred people should speak.

Professor Lowes of Harvard remarked that the women of England and America talk much more alike than the men. And then the question of 'who' and 'whom' was brought up. The learned chairman asked: 'Do you know any good English writer who misuses the words "who" and "whom"?'

'Yes, sir,' volunteered an English pundit — 'Shakespeare.'

But perhaps if this convention had been held in Queen Bess's glorious days genius itself might have spoken as grammatically as the International Council could wish.

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Paul Morand and the Living Buddha

INSPIRED by a dream in which Buddha appeared in a smoking jacket, Paul Morand has just finished a novel describing the relations between Asia and Europe. The hero is an idealistic young Oriental, drawn from several people of the author's acquaintance. 'As for the inevitable intrigue of love,' announced M. Morand, 'I have tried to rejuvenate it a little by introducing the conflict of the races.' This major difficulty disposed of, the author was free to introduce a measure of philosophy to the plot, for the high-minded hero is naïvely convinced that Buddhism offers the perfect solution for the rivalry between East and West that threatens to tear the world apart. M. Morand himself is much too old a hand to believe in any such nonsense. Indeed, he even doubts the efficacy of Henri Massis's remedy of Roman Catholicism. 'At the present moment,' says M. Morand, 'Western society is only being defended by puritan and Anglo-Saxon societies. The Bolsheviki were not deceived on this point when they attacked England first; and for my part, every time I found myself on the borders of white civilization, in British Columbia, California, and Mexico, I felt it very strongly.' Massis dismisses the Reformation as 'the mother of England and the United States,' but Morand feels this is a great mistake, and that the world cannot be saved by 'a Catholic, juristic, Roman, and mediæval explanation of the universe.'

The title of his book is to be *Le Bouddha Vivant*, and the scene will move from Asia to Europe. When he wrote *Ouvert la nuit*, five years ago, M. Morand put himself at the head of a new school of French cosmopolitan novelists, many of whom have since enjoyed widespread success, and, what is much more important, have applied their keen Gallic intelligences to problems and situations beyond the frontiers of La Belle France. Now he may be blazing another trail in directing the attention of his readers, both French and otherwise, to the whole Oriental question. If he can illuminate that as successfully and entertainingly as he has the oddities of modern Europe, he may be doing the world a greater service than he knows.

Balkan Amenities and British

THE impression is generally current that in the enlightened nations of Western Europe respect for the aristocratic tradition is on the wane, whereas in the backward Balkans kings and nobles still retain some of their mediæval prestige. Two recent events, one in England and the other in Bulgaria, tend to disprove this notion. During a horse show at Olympia in London the other night one of the animals broke his leg in the arena. His rider at once dismounted, and, as the horse was obviously in great pain, the Earl of Lonsdale, one of the officials and a leading member of England's sporting nobility, summoned an ambulance. But the horse refused to enter the vehicle, and all attempts to move him proved fruitless. Meanwhile pandemonium was breaking out among the tender-hearted spectators. Two women fainted, and many others were being hustled out of the building, while excited cries of 'Shoot him! Strap him up!' rent the air. The scene was all set for a first-class riot until Lord Lonsdale shouted from the middle of the ring, with all the courtesy of the suave English gentleman, 'Would you sit down and mind your own business!' They did.

The scene now shifts to the Bulgarian Parliament, with King Boris opening the new session and em-

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phasizing the fact that the recent elections had been free and unfettered. At once the Socialist leader, Sazakov, jumped to his feet and interrupted the monarch's oratory with the remark that the statement just made 'did not correspond with the facts.' His own party cheered this exhibit of lese majesty, though the ministerial benches and galleries shouted whatever Bulgarians do shout when they want someone to pipe down. The King turned pale, waited until the clamor had subsided, and hurried through the rest of his speech, leaving the building as soon as he had finished, and refusing to shake hands with anyone. We are led to conclude that a Balkan monarch lacks the prestige of an English lord — and, what is more important still, feels his deficiency himself.

Women at Oxford

COEDUCATION at Oxford received a setback recently when the Congregation decided to limit the number of women at the University. It had previously been thought that one undergraduette to four undergraduates was a sensible ratio, and when this number was reached at Michaelmas 1925 it was agreed that the matter should be dealt with before it became unmanageable.

We are only too familiar with the arguments used in debate on this subject. The girls at some of our own coeducational universities are often treated with contempt despite the numerical predominance of the males, and the same situation exists at Oxford, where Miss S. M. Fry of Somerville College earnestly pleaded that women should not be 'treated as a menace and a danger.' When she asked why the women there were so unpopular, she was given a direct answer — women were said to raise the standards of examinations and change the social life of the University. Referring to the second objection, Miss Fry said that an attempt was being made 'to stop something which was too strong for any legislation of this kind.' Although it would indeed be regrettable if women were excluded from Oxford, the traditions and history of the University are such that it would be more unfortunate still to transform that venerable institution of learning into something like one of our American state universities.

Jerome K. Jerome

THE sudden death of Jerome Klapka Jerome has called attention to the remarkable rise from poverty of this great modern playwright and humorist. The son of a man who had been uniformly unsuccessful as an architect, minister, coal owner, and ironmonger, ''Arry K. 'Arry,' as *Punch* christened him, came to London as a boy with the proverbial half-crown in his pocket, and also — or so he tells us — with a clockwork mouse that would not go because it had been 'trodden on at a wayside station, probably Birmingham.' At fifteen he became a clerk at Euston, earning ten shillings a week.

But the stage caught him in her magnetic orbit and he became an actor, his first part being that of a fashionable debauchee in full dress-suit. He also belonged to the old school of Shakespearean actors, and played every part in *Hamlet* but that of Ophelia.

His most famous book is *Three Men in a Boat*, which was written seriously, but the humor crept through so persistently that a wise editor blue-penciled everything but the comic relief. Thus Jerome became famous. On the stage his *Passing of the Third Floor Back* still remains a repertory favorite, and, when David Belasco declined it, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson produced it in London, and later carried it

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to this country, where it played to packed houses.

Poverty, 'the only reliable patron of literature,' haunted Jerome's early life; yet only two years before his death he remarked that 'getting rich is a mug's game.' At the end of a recent paper of recollections he wrote: 'I thank that little vanished self of mine for bequeathing me his love of adventure. It may be that the brave days are yet to come.'

Music and Murder

ERNEST NEWMAN, the most stimulating of all English musical critics, finds so much in common between the murderer Nathan Leopold and the musician Richard Wagner that he says, 'From music to murder is probably only a step.' The comparison was suggested by a book entitled *World-Famous Crimes*, by F. A. Mackenzie, in which the author gives a thorough psychological analysis of the Leopold and Loeb case, showing how both young men, in different ways, exhibited the same abnormal mental traits that Mr. Newman declares exist in many artists. 'While yet a child,' says Mr. Mackenzie, 'Nathan F. Leopold began to strive to be the cold-blooded intellectualist.' It appears that he also 'wants to write a book or books, particularly his autobiography, because he thinks he is different from the others, and has led an unusual and most interesting life, and one that is worth recording.' With perhaps more reason, Wagner shared the same overweening egotism, and Mr. Newman feels that some of his remarks in *Mein Leben* would be the sort of thing Leopold might say.

Krueger, the Stockholm humorist who blew up one of his friends by putting him in a taxicab and setting off a charge of dynamite with a time fuse under the back seat, might have been a jazz drummer. This man's personality 'conveyed the impression of hustling restlessness and nervousness' that, according to Mr. Newman, Wagner also revealed. In short, the whole thing boils down to the old question of genius and madness. The musician, like every other artist, is just as obnoxious to conventional society as the murderer. When we consider that this unpleasantness does not arise from his work, — for a magnificent symphony and a magnificent murder are equally admired by the populace, — but from his eccentricities, we find ourselves agreeing with Mr. Newman that music and murder are, indeed, sister arts.

A Bolshevist Hymn of Hate

LITERATURE may be substantially enriched as a result of the break between England and Russia if the Moscow Communists can only scare up a few more poets as fervent as an eloquent youth who rejoices in the name of Alexei Besymenski. This unruly young Red has seen fit to follow German precedent and write a Hymn of Hate, damning those nice Englishmen and all their works. In the interests of Anglo-American amity, we reproduce one of the milder passages: —

Hallo, England! Give heed!
Where did you find a particle of Chinese soil
Which did not flow in thine ear as molten lead!
Curse thee, England!
See India's palms and Egypt's sand,
Australia and gold-filled Transvaal,
Where the slaves squirm under thy heel.
Hallo, England! Let the guns of thy battleships resound
That thine ears find pleasure in the greeting.
Curse thee, England!
Curse? No, the word is futile.
(Thou miserable word!)
We do not curse; let only the weak revile.
We will act; that be our work.
We shall act; that is our way.

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Look out, England!
All round thee no country hangs back.
Look out, England!
The pits of the coal mines gnash their teeth,
The hands of the factory chimneys are clenched,
The muscles of the farms are strained,
The eyes of the factories widen their gaze.
Look out, England!
Shoulder to shoulder like one man — that are we.
Solemnly, frightfully, rings out the order, 'Fire!'
And the word becomes the deed.

Shaw and Vivisection

THE irrepressible Bernard Shaw, who has gained so much popularity by espousing unpopular causes, once more attracted the shifty spotlight of public interest when he attempted to address an antivivisection meeting, only to become the butt of a medical-student rag. Shavian salt and pepper just succeeded in making palatable a tasteless mixture of quackery and practical jokes.

Just before Mr. Shaw appeared on the platform loud cheers for 'George' arose from the throats of some two hundred students, many of them girls, and when he attempted to speak the insurgents effectually drowned him out with the Frothblowers' Anthem. Feigning modesty, the would-be speaker remarked, 'I have never been able to understand quite why I enjoy such extraordinary popularity,' which the students explained by singing, 'For he 's a jolly good fellow.' When the audience had been sufficiently quieted Mr. Shaw explained the ethical aspects of vivisection, and argued 'You cannot repudiate moral responsibility with regard to animals without also repudiating it with regard to human beings.' But before anyone so much as thought of asking him how closely he himself followed this rule at the height of the mosquito season, he taunted the entire audience with the remark, 'I have many acquaintances among the more intelligent and educated of the medical community.' At this point the gathering became so noisy that the speaker had to abdicate, having proved that in popular debate it is better to irritate your opponent than to answer him.

Where to Eat in Paris

AN obliging Paris newspaper has recently taken a poll among its readers to discover which are the ten best restaurants in the city. Prospective visitors to France who are wise enough to take food as seriously as some people take the League of Nations will do well to cut out or memorize the list for future use. Here it is: —

La Reine Pedauque, Rue de la Pépinière
Poccardi, Boulevard des Italiens
Rôtisserie Perigourdine, Place St. Michel
La Perouse, Quai des Grands Augustins
Drouant, Place Gaillon
Larue, Rue Royale
L'Âne Rouge, Avenue Trudaine
Fouquet's, Champs Élysées
Le Caneton, Rue de la Bourse
Romano, Rue Caumartin

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes, by Arthur Conan Doyle. London: John Murray, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Woman Who Stole Everything, and Other Stories, by Arnold Bennett. London: Cassell and Company, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[Gerald Gould in the *Observer*]

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle announces positively the last disappearance of Sherlock Holmes. How many moons have waxed and waned since Holmes fell over that precipice, with (I suppose) the words *Moriarty te saluto* on his ascetic lips? He has been a good goer and a good stayer, but I part from him less regretfully than from Watson. I have always held Watson to be greater than Holmes, just as I have always held Boswell to be greater than Johnson. I cannot feel free to criticize this new collection of stories. It is not now as it hath been of yore; but the change is just as likely to be in the reader as in the writer. The great detective does not seem quite the man he was — in the first story he does no detection, and commits only a very elementary burglary; and he is betrayed on the very first page as the last man who ought to have been entrusted with a confidential document, since he leaves it in his coat pocket while he has a Turkish bath! But probably it is *we* who are not the men we were; and certainly Sir Arthur has good grounds for the modest hope he expresses — that 'Sherlock and his Watson' may find a corner in the Valhalla of literary characters. Watson certainly will be wafted to bliss by police officers from Scotland Yard, all brainlessness and boots, with no ratiocinatory processes to reproach his sublunary infirmities. And if there is any boggling at the gate, Holmes will be there to smooth it over with the welcome and welcoming phrase, 'Elementary, my dear Watson!'

I take it for granted that all intelligent people are fervent admirers of Mr. Arnold Bennett. This sets me free to carp at him in detail. He writes so much better than most people that one need not recommend any new book of his: one can spend the time in asking why he does not write better. He has not yet learned to write with absolute grammatical correctness. He says: 'Being an artist by temperament, his imagination worked very quickly and grandiosely.' And surely even one grammatical mistake is very odd in a man who is so admirable a technician and lays so much stress upon technique. I am sure Mr. Bennett would not pass that sentence in the work of anybody else. I am equally sure he would shudder if he found anybody else describing a wedding as 'a certain ceremony.' But worst of all is his habit of telling you that you're wrong. You may be, of course; but there can be no certainty about it; and the telling distracts one unpardonably from the flow of the narrative and the accepted omniscience and invisibility of the narrator. Here is the sort of thing I mean: the good Bennettian will recognize the habit: —

> You might suppose that this absurd irrational weakness of Miss Bertie's would lower her in his esteem. Not a bit! Quite the reverse! He liked her all the better for it. It demonstrated her true womanliness. It enabled him to give her some of his moral strength.

And then the Irish! Was there ever an Irish nurse who said: 'And now it's this thermometer in my hand for your sweet mouth'? Still, never mind: the stories in *The Woman Who Stole Everything* are all slight, and most of them are almost farcical; but there is brilliance in the way they are told, and they have significance. In one of them Mr. Bennett has discovered — perhaps unwittingly — a new source of domestic infelicity, a new opportunity for the tragic dissection and rejection of marriage.

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The story is called 'A Very Romantic Affair,' and it describes how a young man wins a lady's heart by going without bread, pudding, cakes, butter, milk, ham, bacon, potatoes, sugar, and alcohol, and so reducing his weight. It is suggested that the lady was worth it. But — and here is the real modern problem — was she sure to go on being worth it? And what would happen if a wife so wooed and won observed her husband gradually taking again to bread, pudding, cakes, butter, milk, ham, bacon, potatoes, sugar, and alcohol? I hope Mr. Bennett will give us a sequel.

The Minorities in Rumanian Transylvania, by Zsombor de Szász. London: The Richards Press, 1927. 16*s*.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

SOME sixty years ago or so the Rumanians provided themselves with a Constitution of the most fashionable Western democratic type, and proceeded to administer it in a Byzantine atmosphere by the light of generations of Turkish and Phanariot experience. In this way they evolved a system of government peculiar to themselves. Their neighbors across the Carpathians in Transylvania had a less democratic theory but a more modern practice, in which, if *droit administratif* was sometimes pushed to lengths which would have aroused more than protest in this country, there was at least a very large measure of civil and religious liberty. The fortune of war subjected the Transylvanian highlanders to the administration and methods of the Rumanian lowlanders; and in this book M. de Szász describes the process of adjusting the two civilizations as one of trying to level down the Hungarian practice of Transylvania to make it conform with the low Balkan ideals of the Regat — the name used to describe the territories of the pre-war kingdom of Rumania, the former principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, with the Banat of Craiova and the trans-Danubian province of the Dobrudja. As described by the author the process has been exceedingly painful for the Transylvanians.

M. de Szász carefully documents his pages, chiefly from Rumanian sources, but with occasional references to the reports of foreign observers; and if a good deal of what he records is already known from the works of various writers, his is perhaps the largest collection of evidence as to the inability of the Rumanian Administration to justify the hopes reposed in it by the statesmen who were responsible for subjecting the Transylvanian Minorities to its control. It made a direct frontal attack upon the language, liberties, and religion of its new subjects by seeking to Rumanize them with one hand and exalt Orthodoxy with the other, regardless of their common-law or treaty rights or their creeds. Such was the ignorance of some of the officials that they were unable to conceive a state of society in which some Christians were not members of the Orthodox State Church, or that a man might be able to conduct his business in some vernacular other than Rumanian without being guilty of high treason to the Rumanian king in so doing. In this frame of mind the Administration took action which simultaneously set Roman Catholics, Greek Uniats, Presbyterians, Unitarians, and Baptists by the ears, and alarmed Magyars and Germans of all creeds for the safety of their linguistic and educational rights. That was not all: the personal liberty of individuals was violently assailed, arbitrary arrests were often only the preliminaries to illegal beatings, and even torture with hot irons, at the behest of administrative autocracy; and, when relief was sought in the courts, justice was generally delayed, often denied, and usually so hedged about with unconstitutional linguistic restrictions as to be inaccessible to common folk. Then, when hopes were entertained that salvation of some sort might be found in the ballot box, it was discovered that the time-honored electoral methods of the Regat, with its Balkan atmosphere, had been introduced into Transylvania. To secure nomination became a sort of grim game of forfeits. A Minority — that is to say, an Opposition — candidate had to face an openly hostile returning officer, who had to be satisfied that the applicant had been nominated by persons neither unknown nor too well known to the police; that their signatures were not too similar or too dissimilar in

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appearance; that they were not all written in the same-colored ink; that they were not written in different-colored inks (this rule varied according to locality; that the candidate had certificates to prove that he was not insane and had never kept a brothel; that the nomination paper was dated in the proper place and the candidate was properly described. This last condition sounds easy, but it was the returning officer who had to define what 'properly' meant; and M. de Szász records that one candidate was disqualified for nomination in the election of March 1922 because he was not described as 'Count,' although the use of that title had been abolished by law! Having secured nomination, as though through the eye of a needle, the Opposition candidate might stand for election, provided that he was not arrested, deported from the constituency, or arbitrarily disqualified by being appointed returning officer in the interval. If he avoided these fates, he would not be allowed to put up his posters, or address a meeting, or even send an Opposition newspaper through the post; and if his opponents did not issue forged inflammatory leaflets in his name in order to get him imprisoned as a revolutionary, the police could, and did, seize the ballot boxes, open them, remove votes cast for him, and substitute others for his rival. At times this was done so thoroughly that almost twice as many votes were 'officially polled' as there were voters in the constituency.

In such circumstances as these it is hardly surprising that the Minorities, in spite of their numerical strength of some four million or so, should have had to be content with one Magyar deputy, one Jew from Bessarabia, and nine Germans, who, in that particular election, had enjoyed the countenance of the Government, which was able to return 285 of its supporters to the Chamber in which it had had only seven at the dissolution. In view of the near approach of another general election in Rumania, the author's description of the proceedings of only five years ago is exceedingly interesting, if only as a criterion for estimating the improvement in procedure, which will doubtless be most marked.

Laughing Truths, by Carl Spitteler. Translated by James F. Muirhead. With an Appreciation of the Author by Romain Rolland. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

Carl Spitteler, who died at the end of 1924, has been described by Romain Rolland as 'the greatest German poet since Goethe, the only master of the epic since Milton died.' He holds that Switzerland has never before produced 'such a hero of art and thought.' Spitteler was also a novelist and a charming essayist, and it is in the latter capacity that he is introduced to the British public in Mr. Muirhead's excellent translation. *Laughing Truths* is one of the most attractive and powerful of critical volumes. It covers the whole field of Spitteler's interests, not only as an author, but as musician, artist, citizen, nature lover, and man. His style is graceful, lucid, and vivacious. What he has to say is said in the shortest possible compass, for he was no mere word-spinner. Nor had he any regard for tradition.

Thus the essay, 'Art — Bond and Free,' with which this delightful book opens, contains views that will shock the 'superior person.' He complains that the enjoyment of beautiful things has been spoiled by pedagogy, and that gifts meant to make us happy have been turned into pains and penalties. 'It has ever been true,' he says, 'that the simple receptiveness of youth has shown itself a better judge in the realm of art than the most advanced erudition. It is true that the senses which transmit artistic impressions are sometimes keener and sometimes blunter. I have, however, never found a human being of feeling and imagination (for feeling and imagination are the preconditions, and the only preconditions, for the enjoyment of art) who did not receive immediate pleasure from one or other form of art. And that is the one thing necessary. Whoever honestly enjoys a book of art understands it as well as — and very likely better than — the man who delivers learned lectures on the subject. Art bondage begins when pleasure in art is conceived as a duty.'

After deploring the way in which great

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books are spoiled for their readers by pedagogic dissection, Spitteler remarks: 'In art there is nothing to teach, except by artists to artists, and little to learn. The ennobling and educative power of art rests, not on knowing, but on enjoying. The conception of art from the "culture" point of view leads at its best to superficiality, quite usually to self-deception, and at its worst to emotional hypocrisy. Art is far too rich, and the individual far too poor, for him to master the colossal sum of its beatitudes; he should instruct himself in the delights most akin to his own soul, and enjoy his intimate communion with these.'

The writer regards it as bad manners for one man to make an unpleasant remark to another on account of his real or supposed insusceptibility or ignorance in artistic matters, and declares that in most cases the restless craving for artistic culture originates simply in the dread of the superficial inquisition in society. 'As soon as we relegate cultivated impertinence to the same class as boorish madness,' he adds, 'the terribly high level of the culture flood will sink with great rapidity.'

This breezy iconoclasm is repeated in many essays on a variety of topics, while others are of the constructive type. *Laughing Truths* is a book to read, and then keep on the shelves, to be taken down when one wants a breath of fresh air.

How the Old Woman Got Home, by M. P. Shiel. London: The Richards Press, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Spectator*]

How the Old Woman Got Home is frankly a fantastical tale for fantastical minds. M. P. Shiel is known to the connoisseurs of strange literary flavors. In books like the *Purple Cloud,* with its De Quinceyish climaxes of doom, and *Shapes in the Fire,* where amazing castles are found in the folds of the hills that divide history from fable, he is macabre as Poe, recondite as Baron Corvo, sophisticate as Baudelaire — gives you *un nouveau frisson,* in short. But he also writes merely 'sensational' stories. This is a sensational story, though told more or less in his fantastical dialect. Though it passes chiefly in London, it is full of flights, caprices, transformations, irrelevances, mad coincidences — and flights again, always flights, like a feverish dream. The people also are dreamlike — very vivid, but hardly lifelike. The hero should be gagged, for he is much too theoretical about the universe. But there are moments of poignant beauty; and when you are most exasperated by some ribald folly of style, the next sentence will offer you a simile as rich as old ambergris, or pure as a cup of water from Elysium. Let only those who have a taste for the grotesque, the startling, the willful, the bizarre, read this rushing extravaganza. Such, being patient, will have some surprises of beauty by the way.

The Falstaff Saga, by John Dawtrey. London: Routledge and Company, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Sunday Times*]

THIS is an extremely well-written and very interesting book, which owes its existence, like many a similar volume, to a happy accident. Mr. Dawtrey had taken advantage of a spell of enforced leisure to go hunting among family archives with a view to establishing a claim to descent from Sir Thomas More. In that particular aim he failed, but his research was more than adequately rewarded by the discovery of that typical and splendid Elizabethan rascal, Captain Nicholas Dawtrey, — a namesake, but, as he is justifiably careful to proclaim, no relative, of his own, — in whom he would certainly seem to have discovered the indubitable original of Shakespeare's Sir John Falstaff. The points of resemblance are far too numerous to be enumerated in a brief notice like the present. The impudence, the humor, the absolute lack of all moral principle, the shameless mendacity and mendicity, of Shakespeare's most disreputable and delightful figure are all here — Falstaff was no creation, but a portrait. It is long, indeed, since so remarkable and so welcome an addition was made to the vast and increasing mass of our Shakespearean lore.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

America Comes of Age, by André Siegfried. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1927. $3.00.

LECTURE tours have usually furnished the superficial data for the silly books that most foreigners write about America, but M. Siegfried's penetrating study of our institutions, ideals, and ethnic composition should certainly not be confused with such potboilers. His remarkable scientific analysis of the United States since the war should be read by every educated American.

Of course, the writer of contemporary history is likely to lack perspective and to be unable to see the forest for the trees; but this margin of error is reduced to a minimum when, as in the present instance, the account is so unbiased. Only a Frenchman, for example, would have been able to give us such a clear criticism of the sociological aspects of mass production and standardization. The weakest part of the book deals with our political organization.

M. Siegfried possesses the rare gift of making statistics interesting. Although all his conclusions are based on cold facts, the book is anything but dry and uninteresting; almost every page contains examples of the author's stinging irony, apt metaphor, trenchant wit, and sparkling epigram. We recommend *America Comes of Age* as distinctly one of the most important books of the year for the American who wishes to know his own country.

Soviet versus Civilization, by Augur. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1927. $1.50.

GRANTING that Soviet and Civilization are mutually antagonistic, — a premise which the Soviets would dispute, since they identify their cause with that of human progress, — this brief outline of Bolshevist foreign policy provides a fairly good foundation for an understanding of the present condition of Europe. The author, whose real name is V. Poliakov, takes pains to state the case for Western Europe, though some of his conclusions must be discounted, since he was a member of the Russian family who were bankers for the former Imperial family.

England and Germany recognized Soviet Russia, we are told, because of a national 'inferiority complex.' The Russians are now more closely allied with Asia than with Europe; they are ruled by a small clique, imbued with a spirit of hate toward the Occident; and the white race should present a united front against the war being waged against it not only by the Soviet but also, eventually, by all colored people. The book is a valuable presentation of the Conservative case, and does much to clear up the muddled newspaper accounts of the break between London and Moscow.

Bella, by Jean Giraudoux. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IN order to enjoy *Bella* it is necessary neither to understand the intricacies of European politics nor to penetrate the disguise with which the author has cloaked living characters in Parisian governmental circles. Although M. Giraudoux's homeland offers the perfect setting for a political novel, the types of mind reflected in Dubardeau and Rebendart, the Liberal and the Conservative, may be found in every national capital.

A wistful love story carries us along at a leisurely pace, broken only by several bumpy stretches of French morality. The conclusion, however, is marred by a melodramatic note, for the inevitable 'papers' have been lost — whereupon the heroine, in truly theatrical style, steps out from behind the tapestry, announces that she has burned them to save her lover, swoons, and dies. In spite of minor defects, *Bella* can be recommended as a thoroughly readable tale.

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To the Lighthouse, by Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1927. $2.50.

THE jacket describes *To the Lighthouse* as the story of an English family living in the Hebrides. To call Mrs. Woolf's latest novel a story is to take a good deal for granted. Mrs. Ramsay was very beautiful, and she had a husband who required continual refilling at her busy hands, and she had a great many children, and even more visitors, and she died, and so the house in the Hebrides was closed, and when people came back they found it quite different. The reader's task is to patch together, from the materials assembled in Lily Briscoe's scattery, picture-making mind, from young James Ramsay's awareness of his father's unspoken exactions, from Mrs. Ramsay's own consciousness of the people around her and from her response to them, what sort of person Mrs. Ramsay was, what the irretrievable thing was that vanished when she died.

This, both in conception and in execution, is a more difficult book than *Mrs. Dalloway.* Not satisfied with recording the phenomena of change and loss, Mrs. Woolf contrives that the reader shall feel the change and the loss, as at first hand, in his own mind—shall try eagerly to reconstitute the Mrs. Ramsay whom he knew, whose absence he feels as a presence may be felt. Both as a whole and in scattered bits,—the dinner party that does n't quite go, Cam's silent rebellion against her father, the morning spent in the sailboat,—it is an extremely interesting novel, and (in the opinion of this reviewer) a particularly satisfactory one.

Ariane, by Claude Anet. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. $2.50.

LOVE has so often been used as the excuse for continuity in a novel of manners that it is distinctly refreshing to see M. Anet treat the subject with simple dignity. This absence of extraneous material together with perfect unity of action reminds us that the tradition of French classicism still lives. Briefly, *Ariane* is a story of the conflict and final capitulation of two strong characters who love each other. Although laid in Russia, the setting is immaterial; but the characterization is vivid and convincing, for the author discards superficialities and emphasizes fundamentals. Strong-minded girls such as Ariane undoubtedly exist in America, but our novelists make them subordinate to their surroundings, and almost ignore their ideals and character.

M. Anet has written a silly defense of Ariane in which he tells us that when double meanings appear we should take the one most complimentary to his heroine. This long and soporific preface is utterly useless, and does nothing but prejudice the reader against a character who, when she appears in the novel itself, can only be regarded with sympathetic interest. Although it is advisable to leave the preface unread, the novel itself shows us modern French fiction at its best.

The Honorable Picnic, by Thomas Raucat. New York: The Viking Press, 1927. $2.50.

The Honorable Picnic treats, with Gallic flavor, a certain excursion to an amusement park outside Tokyo, to which an amorous Swiss diplomat has invited a working girl. The difficulties of a rich merchant who overhears the invitation, and, shocked by such an inappropriate choice on the part of the distinguished foreigner, insists on personally accompanying him and providing what he considers the proper entourage, are exquisitely amusing. We are introduced to the mental workings of various members of the party, including a geisha of such high virtue that her price is nothing lower than a Kodak Number 3A. The author, who is said to be a member of the French Diplomatic Service hiding under a nom de plume, is at times broadly farcical in his treatment of Japanese psychology; yet it is all leavened with unusually sympathetic and penetrating insight. As a whole the book is a literary hors d'œuvre of the Morand type — pithy, satirical, and sophisticated.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

In Japanese chronology, 1926, the year of the Tiger, was usually quite eventful, which was comparatively uneventful on contrary to the old saying. Picking some changes in the political field, by the death of Viscount Kato, the Premier and President of the Kenseikai Party was strongly affected as he was one of the most astute statesmen in this country.

— *Commercial Osaka*

* * *

No doubt Captain Lindbergh is a fine fellow and his feat of flying across the Atlantic alone was 'sporting' to the point of foolhardiness. But it is never likely to be repeated, and teaches us nothing save that some men can do without sleep for a longer time than is usually supposed.

— *New Statesman*

* * *

Doubtless it is difficult for foreigners to appreciate as clearly as we can how casual, haphazard, and frivolous are the actions of our present Government. — *Nation and Athenæum*

* * *

A high official of the Free State Ministry of Finance was recently attending a banquet in the Polish capital, and was suddenly asked by the chairman to say a few words in Erse. The Irishman hesitated for a moment, and then made the required speech, which, though brief, was accompanied by a wealth of gesture and emphasis that captivated the audience, who did not, of course, understand a word of what he was saying. It was not until some time later that it transpired that the Dublin official had uttered the only words of Irish he knew — the Lord's Prayer. — *Outlook*

* * *

We shall soon be moving toward a pagan London. — *General Bramwell Booth*

* * *

Mustapha Kemal, the Turkish President, is reported from Constantinople to have prepared a speech which he intends to deliver before the Turkish Popular Party. It is stated that the speech in which the Ghazi will outline the progress of events in Turkey since 1918 will take two days to deliver, and will constitute a political record. — *Westminster Gazette*

* * *

We may be practically certain that, when a certain sort of lady has learned all the wisdom of Asia, she will be even sillier than she was before.

— *G. K. Chesterton*

* * *

In his salad days Mr. Winston Churchill did not feel about the House of Lords as he does to-day, when the Government of which he is a member proposes to extend its powers. The *Daily Herald* quotes from a speech he made years ago: 'A played-out, anachronistic assembly, the survival of a feudal arrangement, utterly passed out of its original meaning, a force long since passed away, it only now requires a smashing blow from the electors to finish it forever.'

* * *

I start every morning with new hope, and every night my hopes are shattered; but I begin again the next day with fresh hope.

— *Stanley Baldwin*

* * *

Italy is the only country in Europe which is at present being governed in the interests of the people. — *Lord Sydenham*

* * *

Why many noble lords do not attend the House is that they can no longer afford to come to London very often. — *Lord Selborne*

* * *

Purpose — Marriage! I am looking for a young girl to marry, a small girl; she need not be a countess — just a warm-hearted young thing fond of me and me only. And a pair of eyes she must have out of which heaven will always smile at me, and two lips to kiss with. Yes, when I find such a one, then indeed will my troth be plighted.

— '*G. P. 6291*,' *Die Grüne Post*

* * *

Only a married man can be a useful member of a ministry or party. — *Stefan Radič*

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SEPTEMBER EVENTS ABROAD

ALGERIA

Festival of Mouloud, anniversary of the birth of the Prophet, at Tlemcen, September 9.

AUSTRIA

St. Rosalie Pilgrimage to Rosalien Capelle, near Vienna, September 4.

International Fair at Vienna, September 4.

Popular Holiday at Mariabrunn, September 9.

BELGIUM

International Colonial Fair opens at Antwerp, September 3.

Kermess at Hal, September 4.

Septembral fêtes begin at Brussels, September 23.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

International Motor Show at Prague, September 3.

Opening of Autumn Samples Fair at Prague, September 18.

Festival of St. Wenceslaus, at Prague, September 28.

DENMARK

Horticultural Show opens at Copenhagen, September 19.

ENGLAND

Autumn Flower Show opens at Harrogate, September 2.

Three Choirs Festival at Hereford, September 4.

St. Giles Fair at Oxford, September 5.

Shipping and Engineering Exhibition opens in London, September 8.

International Grocers Exhibition opens in London, September 17.

The Great Goose Fair at Tavistock, Devonshire, September 19.

Pleasure Fair at Abergavenny, September 25.

Autumn Race Meet opens at Hamilton Park, September 26.

FRANCE

Battle of Flowers at Lamalou-les-Bains, September 14.

Festival of the Mystery of Sainte-Reine, at Alise-Sainte-Reine, Semur-en-Auxois, September 7 to 11.

Fair and festival of La Chapelle de Notre-Dame de la Serra, at Calvi, September 11.

Fête of Locmaria at Belle-Isle-en-Mer, September 11.

Regional fête of 'Calendal' at Cassis, September 11.

Pilgrimage to Saint-Gens at Avignon, September 16.

Women's Swimming Meet at Nîmes, September 18.

Dedication of the Schrader Monument at Gavarnie, September 19.

Grand Basque Fête at Biarritz, September 25.

American Legion Convention in Paris.

GERMANY

Berlin Autumn Regatta Week at Berlin-Wannsee, September 1 to 13.

Fourth German Wireless Exhibition at Berlin, September 2 to 11.

International Golf Tournament at Baden-Baden, September 5 to 10.

German Physicians' Congress at Wurzburg, September 9 and 10.

Meeting of the German Görres Society for the Advancement of Science in Catholic Germany, at Regensburg, September 10 to 14.

International Congress for the Science of Heredity, at Berlin, September 11 to 18.

Festival of the Franz Liszt Society at Freiburg, September 15 to 25.

Meeting of Mathematicians and Physicists at Bad Kissingen, September 18 to 24.

Meeting of the German Pharmacological Union at Wurzburg, September 21 to 23.

Fifty-sixth Congress of German Philologists and Schoolmen, at Göttingen, September 27 to 30.

Autumn Celebrations at Karlsruhe, throughout September.

HOLLAND

Great Provincial Show opens at Leeuwarden, September 5.

Sample Fair opens at Utrecht, September 6.

Kermess Festivities begin in Amsterdam, September 12.

HUNGARY

Exposition of Viniculture at Budapest, September 11.

ITALY

Beginning of Fair at Lugo, near Ravenna, September 1.

Sample Fair opens at Brindisi, September 3.

Festival and Tarantella Dance of the 'Vergine di Piedigrotta,' at Naples, September 8.

Conquest of Rome, National Holiday at Rome, September 20.

MOROCCO

Festival of Ain-Seba, at Casablanca, September 11.

POLAND

International Oriental Fair opens at Lwow, September 3.

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